

An Untold Future

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Summary: In a distant future, an evil warrior enslaves humanity into communism. A lone warrior, bearing a tail, escapes and changes the fate of an entire planet.

## 1. Default Chapter Title

An Untold Future - Chapters 1-14 - The Malditus Saga

An Untold Future - The Malditus Saga

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Before You Start Reading

This story takes place around the year 2000 in the Dragon Ball time line (for those

> of you unfamiliar with the time line, Dragon Ball and DBZ took place during the 700s).<p>

**\*\*Chapter 1\*\***

It was unusually bright for night. The stars shined like little suns with a strange

orange glow on the smooth metallic buildings nearby. Hanka longed for the days when the sun

would shine on grassy fields and trees. He had only distant childhood memories of such

things, but that didn't matter. However that was, he knew it wasn't supposed to be like this

at all.

In the back of his mind he always felt a strange guilt. Every time he'd solve a new

problem, or learn something new, this strange guilt would surface. He had been taught since

grade school that learning was a terrible thing, but he didn't ever listen to his teachers

anyway. So why did he feel guilty? He didn't understand.

The confusion angered him. He grabbed a small grey rock from the ground and flung it

at his quarters. A loud bang rang through the dead silence of the night as the rock collided

with the metal. Quickly he ran back to his home before they caught him. He was out way past

curfew, and the punishment for being out late was severe.

The bed squeaked when he jumped into it and under his blanket. He pretended to be

asleep so nobody would know it was him. The guards never did figure out the cause of the

loud noise, nor did it concern them. What did they care? They wouldn't get rewarded for

discovering a criminal. Not in this time...

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The alarm rang. It was 6 AM. Time to prepare for school. Hanka slowly lifted his

body up. He was very muscular for a 17 year old. He had always excelled at sports and

physical activities, but people hated him for it. He felt guilty whenever he outran

somebody or beat them in a wrestling match during gym.

He put on his uniform, a dark grey suit reminiscent of business suits from the 800s.

It was sleek and grey, like everything here. They never told him where 'here' was, except

that it wasn't away from him. He had no idea what existed outside of 'here' and began to

feel guilty whenever he thought about it.

He had a hard time wrapping his tail around his waist. He felt guilty for having a

tail. Not many had a tail, and he had always been taught that being different is wrong.

All people are supposed to be equal. So he always hid his tail in his pants. During the

whole day his tail would hurt, but there was nothing he could do about it.

As he marched into line, he saw the only other student with a tail. She wasn't

afraid to let her tail out and was always made fun of for it. Apparently, unlike himself,

she hadn't learned to hide her tail. She also was very muscular and good at physical

endeavors.

This always puzzled him. They looked very similar to each other and were both the

only one's to have tails. What could this mean? The guilty feeling began to return. The dull

shame of knowing one attempted to figure something out, to gain knowledge that the group as

a whole did not share. He quickly stopped.

The bell sounded. It was more of a tone than a bell, a dull sound similar to a horn.

He walked to room #217. Today was Tuesday, the day of Ethics. He sat at his desk in the

desolate grey room. The cement walls seemed to have entered a stasis, never changing with

time, much like a person's life...

The teacher began today's lesson. "Everybody stand up for the pledge of eternal

submission." He said plainly. Everyone stood up and recited the pledge in the same,

emotionless tone they always did: "I hereby pledge my submission to the Eternal Order. All

are one, one are all. None are better. I know nothing save that of

the Order."

Everybody sat back down, almost in synch with each other. Hanka examined the other

members of his class. They all wore the same dull grey suits. The girls had their hair in

ponytails, not as a rule, but as an act of basic decency. No girl would be caught dead

wearing her hair different than the rest of the group.

The guys all had buzz cuts, except Hanka. Hanka's hair had a strange tendency to

grow back almost immediately after being cut, so they left his hair alone. Along with his

tail, this made him a prime target for ridicule. He was evil for being different, they told

him. And he believed them.

The teacher was dressed in a suit like the students, except his was black. He began

to recite the lesson plan the Order provided him in his usual dull voice. Today's lesson was

about the ethics of work. Hanka had to force himself to pay attention or he'd fall asleep.

The penalty for falling asleep during class was 5 lashes.

"Work forever for the Eternal Order! One should work hard, but only to help one's

brother men, and never to further one's own existence. The individual doesn't matter, only

the group does! And no man shall work harder than any other man, for all men are equal and

thus capable of only the same amount of work. Any men..."

Hanka almost fell asleep until the teacher woke him up with a loud slam on his desk.

"What do you think you're doing Hanka?!" screamed the teacher. "I'm sorry, I tried not to

fall asleep but I couldn't help myself!" responded Hanka in absolute fear. The other

students laughed at him.

"You better learn to help yourself! None of the other students are falling asleep

during the lecture! You don't want to be different do you?" screamed the teacher in a

surprising burst of rage. Sweat began to drip down Hanka's forehead. He was so extremely

nervous.

"NO SIR!" screamed back a crying Hanka. He felt incredibly guilty. The teacher then

went back to the lecture, and Hanka had no problems staying awake until lunch time. Hanka

always loved lunch time. He had a very high metabolism, and it showed. At lunch he always

ate more than anybody else.

The cafeteria was a dark grey room with yellow ceiling lights. The walls seemed to

watch every move while you ate. Hanka sat where he always sat in the corner next to Cryan

and in front of Gershim, two other students in his class. Though they were friends, they

couldn't let it be known that they preferred one human being to another, and only met

in secret outside of lunch.

They ate the same grey crud they always ate. It was supposedly fortified with

nutrients, but since everybody knew what everybody else knew, nobody actually knew what was

in it, but only that it had worked in the past and would continue to be used in the future.

A loud explosive bang came from outside. The military watchers ran from the

cafeteria to the outside. Hanka figured it was another attack by the resistance. He had been

taught that the resistance was an evil group of people out to destroy the Order! He was part

of the Order and he certainly didn't want to be destroyed, so he hoped they would never win.

After some loud noise and various explosions, the military watchers returned. Once

again the Eternal Order had suppressed the uprising. They never seemed to have any trouble

stopping the resistance. What did the resistance want he wondered. He began to wonder if

they were happy. He began to feel guilty again and stopped himself.

Soon lunch was over and he had to go to work. Hanka worked in construction because

of his physical strength. He wondered why they picked him for his strength when he wasn't

allowed to carry more than anyone else anyway. He started to feel guilty again, but this

time he shook off the guilt. He was sick of feeling guilty.

From that point on he decided to keep thinking even when he felt guilty. He didn't

know why, but he knew that there was something wrong about feeling guilty about thinking.

He wasn't sure what it was, but it would come to him soon. After all, he was free to think

now.

While he heaved bags of cement, he started to think about that girl with a tail. He

had always wondered why only they had tails. He had been born with his. Hanka knew nothing

about his parents. They didn't keep parents and children together because they tended to

prefer each other to other human beings.

He did remember a day when he was a toddler, when men in grey suits took him, his

sister, and their parents away. His sister had a tail also, but his mother ripped it off as

they took her away. He wondered why she ripped off her tail and left his.

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Soon it was getting dark. It was a full moon tonight, so they locked him in his cage

for the night. They always locked Hanka in a cage when there was a full moon and he didn't

know why. Tonight, he decided, he was going to find out!

After they closed the door to the cage complex, he began picking at the lock. It was

an electronic lock, so sometimes if one banged it just right it would loosen. After about 2

hours of beating it around, it let loose and the cage was opened. He slowly climbed out,

being careful not to bang his head. He now had to open the complex door.

Unfortunately, this door had a physical lock, and had to be picked manually. He

pulled out a small piece of metal he had been saving. He found it at work the other day. The

object fascinated him. It was about an inch long, and shined like no other metal he had ever

seen. He began working the lock with the metal and eventually it too let loose.

He crawled outside of the complex. He could see his quarters in the distance. The

stars had their usual orange glow, but the moon easily outshone them. He began looking for

the moon. He had never seen a full moon before and was very curious.

He found it. He found the moon's glow reassuring and right, as if this was what was

supposed to happen. His tail began to hurt and his muscles started to bulge. Sweat dripped

down his brow and hair began to form on his face. He didn't understand what was happening to

him or why the full moon caused it, but he knew they knew. This is why they locked him up.

He began to grow in size drastically. Hair formed over his entire body. Eventually

he let out a large roar, signifying the end of his transformation. An intense burning rage

filled his heart, and he began yelling and smashing things. People began screaming and

running from their quarters to the main building.

With a great bellow he crushed his own quarters with a single blow. The metal cut

his hand and warm blood began to drip onto the ground. He was starting to gain control of

himself. He decided that the punishment for this would be extremely severe. They might even

kill him for it. So he ran.

He leapt over the gates and ran into the forest. He had always wondered what was

outside. He would soon find out...

## **\*\*Chapter 2\*\***

Hanka ran deep into the dark forest. Crickets chirped and owls hooted around him.

Without any sense of direction whatsoever, he continued to run until the moon gave way to

bright daylight and he reverted back to his normal form. Exhausted from his transformation,

Hanka collapsed in a pile of leaves.

Several hours later he woke up. His head ached and his hand was bleeding and he

could not remember why. Suddenly he realized he was in the forest and began to panic. He did

not understand how he managed to end up in the forest. The last thing he remembered was

looking at the moon...

He slowly stood up, and looked around. There was nothing but trees around him. No

form of civilization whatsoever. The leaves crunched and crackled as he walked about,

examining his new surroundings. His stomach growled. He would need food if he was to find

his way back home.

He saw a bird fly down onto a branch on a nearby tree. Quickly he grabbed a stone

and hid behind a large rock. He flung the stone at the bird, and the bird quickly flew away

chirping. His stomach growled again. He had to figure out a better way to catch food.

He noticed a creek nearby. "I'll fish!" he thought with a sudden flash of hope. He

jogged over to the creek, and grabbed a nearby stick. He did not know what to use for string



that could be found in the forest. He tried hitting some fish with the stick as they swam

near him, but they got away even when he managed a hit.

He started to think some more when he heard a blood-curdling roar. He looked behind

him to see a huge T-Rex munching on some meat. "Perfect! If I can just sneak around I can

grab some meat without being seen!" he thought. He slowly snuck behind the dead mammal, and

soon he came across an open wound with flesh exposed.

He began tearing at the flesh. The blood made the meat slippery and hard to grip,

and he wasn't able to pull any meat off. He grabbed a sharp rock and started to saw at the

meat when the T-Rex grabbed the chunk he was sawing and ripped it off, leaving Hanka in

plain view of the predator.

After swallowing the bite, the T-Rex spotted Hanka. Hanka started to run as fast as

he could, but the T-Rex was very fast and able to keep up easily. Hanka tripped on a briar

and fell over. As he stumbled to get back up, he managed to almost jump out of the reach

of the mighty dinosaur.

The middle of one of the T-Rex's teeth jammed deep into the bone of Hanka's tail.

Hanka screamed in agony. Paralyzed, he could only hope the dinosaur wouldn't eat him. The

T-Rex let go, and then bit down again on a different part of his tail. Hanka could only see

red, then black...

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Hanka woke up in a brown bed. He was in some sort of green pup tent. He wondered how

he managed to survive the dinosaur's attack and end up in a tent. He stood up to look around

but quickly fell over. His legs shaking, he struggled to maintain his balance. His tail! It

was gone!

"The dinosaur ate my tail!" he thought. He stumbled outside of the tent to find a

group of people around a camp fire. He started to become frightened. He remembered the

horror stories he had heard in school concerning the savages outside of the base.

He started to run but fell over again. One of the people by the fire turned her head

around. She started to run over to him. "Shit! I have to run now!" he thought. Immediately

he jumped to his feet and started to run. The last thing he wanted was to be eaten by a

savage.

"Hey wait" she yelled. She hated to see the faces of people who escaped the Eternal

Order's base. They always looked afraid of absolutely everything. Terror was something she

could never come to grips with. She never understood why anyone would be scared.

This time Hanka managed to keep his balance. He ran as fast as he could, and was

easily getting away. The woman knew what she had to do, and fired an intense blue beam at

Hanka's foot. Hanka groaned and fell over when the beam connected.

"Don't eat me!" yelled Hanka. He started to cry at the thought. "You pathetic boy!

I don't eat people!" she yelled back. Eventually he passed out. She rolled her eyes and

dragged him back to camp.

This time when Hanka woke up he was tied down to the bed. He struggled to break free

but the ropes were positioned so he couldn't get any leverage. The woman that caught him was

sitting on a yellow metal chair next to his bed.

"Let me go! I don't wanna die!" he yelled. He tried to swing the bed over, but she

grabbed it and held it still. "You aren't going to die, and I am not

going to eat you! Now

shut up and listen!" she yelled back.

"Ok.." he whimpered meekly. "We found you being attacked by a rather large dinosaur,

so we killed it and brought you here." she explained. "Who is 'we'?"  
"We are the resistance.

We are trying to end the horror that is the Eternal Order." she replied.

"But the Eternal Order took care of me!" "Took care of you? Can you honestly say you

were ever happy there? Ever?" "Sure I can." "Did they ever not punish you for the things

that made you happy?" she asked.

"....No." he replied. "There's a reason for that. Happiness is not their goal. They

may or may not know it explicitly, but they only want sadness. We, the resistance, seek to

end the sadness so people can be happy."

"Now, can I untie you without you running away?" she asked. "Yeah, I'm not going to

run away again." She slowly untied each knot, all the while keeping an eye on him. Once

he was free he stood up.

His behind itched for some reason. When he put his hand down there he felt a stump.

"My tail! It's growing back!" he yelled in joy! "A tail?!" she said in horror. "The moon

was full last night, did he..." she thought until interrupted by Hanka.

"What is your name? I'm Hanka." "I'm Monica. Nice to meet you Hanka." she replied

with a hint of exhaustion in her voice. It was getting late. "You are free to return to the

Eternal Order if you want. You are welcome to sleep here tonight if you aren't sure if you

want to go back or not. I am going to bed, later."

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"Get up! We have to go NOW!" she yelled at him. He struggled to put

on his pants.

"We don't have time! C'mon!" She grabbed his arm and pulled him, in nothing but his

underwear, out of the tent.

The tent exploded just as they escaped. He could hear gun fire in the distance.

"C'mon you fool! Run!" she yelled tugging at the hypnotized Hanka. Quickly he shook his head

and began to run after her. "Follow me" she said, running into a cave.

Following her into the cave, he started to realize exactly what was happening. He

began shaking uncontrollably. "Get a hold of yourself! We are safe in here." she said while

lighting a torch. They just sat there and waited, and after about half an hour the noise

stopped completely.

Hanka began to walk outside. "No, you idiot!" She grabbed him and pulled him back

inside. Bullets hit the rock behind where Hanka was standing. "They've set up robot sentries

to clean up the area. Robots with guns that kill anything that moves." she explained.

"So how do we get out of here?!" he exclaimed in fear. "They are incredibly

expensive machines. They'll remove them after a couple of days." "So we're stuck in here

for two days?" he asked. "Looks like it kid." she said.

She turned around and started to write in some sort of diary. He hadn't had a chance

to get a really good look at her yet. She was incredibly beautiful. She had silky green hair

and really nice legs. "Wow. I'd like some of that!" he accidentally said out loud.

She slowly turned her head around. "Uhh, I mean. Did I say that out loud?!" he said,

his face completely red. "Don't even think about it" she said, and she turned back to her

diary.

"You seem awfully hardened for such a young woman." he said. "I've seen things that

would make you pass out. I guess that doesn't mean much regarding you though. Ha!" Once

again she turned back to her diary.

It was going to be a long two days he thought. He started to entertain himself by

throwing rocks on the wall and counting them. "Hopefully we'll get out of here soon. This

really sucks" he thought.

**\*\*Chapter 3\*\***

It was getting late. Hanka was starting to get really hungry. "Do you have any

food?" he asked Monica. "No, try licking some of that slime. It tastes like crap, but it is

healthy." she replied. "Why aren't you licking slime?" "Because I'd rather wait until I am

desperately hungry and can't taste it to eat it."

Hanka went to lean back and suddenly yelped in pain. "Ow! My tail has grown all the

way back! I wish I'd found out without doing that though..." he exclaimed. "You have a tail

after all eh? Are you a Saiyan?" she asked. "What on Earth is a Saiyan?" he asked,

completely confused.

"A Saiyan is like a human, but with a tail. They are very powerful warriors, but

their race died out a long time ago. Recently the Eternal Order has been doing genetic

experiments involving Saiyans though. You may be the result of such an experiment."

"What is a 'genetic experiment'?" asked a dumb founded Hanka.

"Nevermind. I'm not

surprised they didn't teach you any biology in there. They're too concerned with making you

loyal to them." she replied in annoyance.

"He might actually be a Saiyan. Look at how muscular he is. Funny though, Saiyans

were ruthless. He is just a cry baby." she thought, writing some of it down in her journal.

"Perhaps we can have the man power to win against the Eternal Order if I could train him.

Make him stronger. Take advantage of his innate power." she thought.

Slowly, and with much boredom, the two days passed. Hanka and Monica both eventually

licked some slime for food. Hanka stuck his hand out to see if the guns were still active.

No bullets fired. He stepped out of the cave. No robot sentries or people in sight.

"I think it's safe out here Monica!" he yelled into the cave. She stepped out and

looked around. "It seems that way. Let's go back to the base and hope they have some clothes

left." she said, chuckling. "It's not my fault you didn't let me put some pants on! Dammit!"

he said, his face completely red.

When they returned, the base was completely torn apart. "Figures. I doubt they ran

off with clothing though." she said. Looking around, she found a tent with some clothing

and canned food. "Come here!" she said, pulling a mentally distraught Hanka into the tent.

"Put these pants on. I'm sick of looking at you half naked." She threw the pants at him.

After putting them on, he asked "What do we do now?" "I train you. You need to know

how to fight if you ever plan on being any help." she stated bluntly. "Ok, what first?" he

once again asked. "I'll show you how to control energy." she said. She lifted her hand into

the air, and formed a blue ball of energy above it, which she then threw at a tree. The tree

broke in two and fell over.

"Wow! You mean I can learn to do that?!" he asked, bouncing with excitement. "Maybe

you can. Let's see." she said. "Take your hand and hold it in front

of you, palm up." He did

what she asked. "Now flex your bicep and try to mentally force the energy in your muscles

into your hand." He gritted his teeth and grunted. His hand was starting to glow blue.

"Excellent. Now try to force it above your hand." The energy started to turn red and

leave his hand in sparkles. Eventually the energy formed a dome over his palm. "Good, now

throw it like you would a ball or a rock!" she yelled. Scared from the sudden yelling, he

threw it at a squirrel.

The squirrel had been gathering nuts all morning. Carrying the last nut it needed,

it was headed for it's home in a tree when it heard something. Turning its head, it saw a

strange glowing ball of red coming towards it. Paralyzed by fear, it saw the ball grow

larger. Then everything turned white, then black.

Everything turned white from the explosion. After a few seconds, the smoke cleared

and a dead squirrel was lying in a black circle with a three foot radius, extra crispy.

"Looks like you caught us dinner!" Monica said, excited at the progress of Hanka. "He sure

mastered that pretty damn fast!" she thought.

"Wow! Did you see what I just did?! That squirrel just exploded! And I did it! Wow!"

said Hanka. He couldn't contain himself. He started hopping about. Monica smacked the back

of his head. "Stop being a damn fool!" she said sternly. "That was very good, but you are

hardly a master fighter right now."

"Now, I want you to attack me." she said. "But you're a girl!!" he yelled back. "Ha!

You really think I can't handle you? C'mon. Show me the best you can do!" she yelled. He

ran towards her and punched at her face. She didn't so much as flinch until the last second.

She then disappeared, reappeared behind him, and kicked him really hard in the rear end.

"Yaiiie! My ass! Fuck!" he screamed as he fell over clutching his bottom. "You are

pathetic! Is that the best you can do?" she taunted viciously. He stood up. He gritted his

teeth in anger. "This is a woman that's beating my ass! A woman!" he thought.

He ran at her again. This time when she disappeared he kicked behind himself. The

hit landed square on her face. However, her face didn't move. She grabbed his foot, slowly

removed it from her face, and twisted it until he fell over.

"Damn!" he yelled. He was really starting to get pissed now. He flew at her with a

flurry of punches and kicks. She was dodging each and every one. She moved to the left to

dodge a punch, not realizing he had charged some ki in his other hand. He then flung the ki

into her face.

She flew back and fell on the ground. "Impressive! You are learning fast!" she said.

This time she ran to attack him. He disappeared and reappeared above her and smashed her

head with his foot. "Now how the hell did he learn that?!" she wondered as she stood up

again.

"Ok, time for you to see my real ability!" she yelled at him. A red aura surrounded

her as she yelled. Electricity started to crackle over her body. The rocks near by lifted up

from the ground. After about ten seconds of this the rocks fell down and the electricity

disappeared.

She then flew up in the air. "H..ho..how in the world are you flying?!" he asked. He

never thought a person could fly in the air. "I'm thinking happy thoughts!" she jested.



"Very fuckin funny. Now really, how can you do that?" he asked, annoyed. "Just concentrate

your ki on your body and move yourself up. It's almost all mental." she said.

He slowly started to lift off of the ground. "Wow! Look at me!" he said as he tried

out his new ability. "Now attack me in the air!" she said with blood lust. "The air? Ok,

I'll try!" he said. He flew at her. She disappeared and reappeared under him and kicked him

where no man should ever be kicked.

Hanka fell to the ground, making gurgling noises on his way down. After he hit the

ground he clutched his crotch and screamed in agony. "Aiee! God! Ahh!" She landed next to

him. "That's gotta hurt. I'll be eating. When you can stand, come back to the tent and you

can do that same." she stated plainly.

"You..you bitch!" he managed to croak at her. "Haha! It's clear that you are indeed

MY bitch Hanka. Until you get stronger than me that is." she said. She then walked to the

tent. "Why did she say until and not if?" wondered Hanka as he slowly managed to stand up.

His legs were shaking.

He made his way to the tent. "Where's the food?" he asked. She could tell he was

barely able to stand. "I can't afford to give him a break." she thought. She kicked him very

softly in the crotch. "SHIT!" he said as he fell down. "What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

he complained.

"That's a man's biggest weak spot. Get used to being hit there. Otherwise in battle

it's just one big glaring target for your opponent." she stated. he groaned and fell over on

his side. She then proceeded to eat some canned ravioli.

"Ca..ca..can I have some?" he said, crawling over where she was. "You

can have some

when you get off your lazy ass and make it." "This sucks!" thought Hanka. He hobbled over to

the canned foods and dug out a can of soup. He used the can opener to open it and then he

walked over to the fire.

"Oh no. You have to make your own fire." she stated plainly. There were no matches.

He made a pile of leaves and sticks to burn. "What the hell is that?" he said, pointing

outside the tent. "What?!" Monica said, looking away from her fire. He then used her fire

to set a leaf on fire which he used to start his own fire.

"Oh. I guessed it must've left." he said chuckling. "He's taking me for a damn

fool!" she thought and became very angry. She kicked him hard in the crotch. "EEEEEE!" yelled

Hanka as he once again collapsed. She then put out his fire with some dirt.

"When I say start your own fire I mean it." she said. That night he ate his food

cold. "Man this sucks! I wish I was back home with my bed!" he thought as he slowly fell

asleep on the rocks. His bed had been torn to shreds by the Eternal Order.

The next morning he was awakened by a kick to his crotch. He groaned, but he didn't

keel over in pain like he did last night. "Good! You are getting used to it! Get up. It's

time to start training again."

**\*\*Chapter 4\*\***

Hanka and Monica trained intensely for two weeks. Hanka very quickly surpassed

Monica in power and skill. Monica figured it was his Saiyan blood. Hanka and Monica had

stopped sparring a week ago simply because it was unfair. Hanka was starting to look really

built. He looked like a body builder.

Monica was just her usual pretty self. She'd gained some significant muscle mass as

well, but nothing compared to Hanka. Her hair was starting to get really long. It ran past

her waist now.

Hanka had started to develop a romantic liking towards Monica. He didn't let her

know about it because he was afraid. He told himself it was because he had no time, but he

knew that wasn't true. He wasn't as stupid as he was when he first escaped the Eternal

Order.

Monica approached Hanka wearing some sort of monocle on her left eye. "What the hell

is that thing?" asked Hanka. "It's a scouter. I found it buried in the pile of rubble over

there. It's still working. Want to see what your battle power is?" Monica grinned. "Sure! I

bet it's over a million!" boasted Hanka. Monica pressed a button on the scouter, and it

bleeped a few times. "Let's see...your battle power is...2370. That's pretty good."

Hanka grinned. "Well you're certainly pleased with yourself. Now check me." She

tossed him the scouter. "It attaches to your left ear." He messed with it until it clicked

on. "Now look at me and press the small red button on it's side." Hanka did so, and the

scouter bleeped some more. "Your battle power is only 1230. Bwahahaha" laughed Hanka

maniacally. "Oh kiss my ass" said Monica. She went back to doing push-ups. Hanka resumed

practicing his kicks.

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Malditus woke up in a cold sweat. He had that dream again. The dream where he was

fighting a Saiyan above a volcano and falls in. But the Saiyan wasn't normal. His hair was

golden and his power easily surpassed anything a mere Saiyan was

capable of.

He shook it off and climbed out of the bed. The sheets were red, and the entire room

was regally decorated. He took his usual shower, then called for a servant to bring him a

robe. A small human boy ran up to him with his usual robe.

Malditus dressed himself. The robe was red with white crinkly stuff around the neck,

arms, and legs. He wore no hat because of his antennae. He was green and very large, about

seven feet tall. His face looked like a brick; it was square and serious.

"Marcus! Come here at once!" he yelled. A small bearded midget ran up to him. "Yes

my liege?" he asked. "What news do you bring me today?" "The resistance is almost completely

wiped out. We did detect a couple of large powers due north, but we sent a scout to take

care of them."

"Excellent. Soon man kind will live in peace. We will all live for our fellow man.

We'll treat his needs. We'll be happy to serve our brothers. For centuries man reveled in

his selfish ways. The end of selfishness is at hand. Behold."

"That's quite a speech sire." said Marcus. "After those two powers are destroyed,

there will be no end to your eternal rule."

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Jake hated his job. He was an elite warrior and loved to battle. But nobody he ever

battled was a challenge. He always had to wipe out these puny weaklings. When he heard they

had to take out someone with a power of over 2000 he got very excited. He knew he could

easily win, but it would still be fun compared to most of his jobs.

He landed right in between the two large powers. Monica and Hanka both nearly jumped

out of their skin. They looked at the man. He was about six feet tall. He had short blonde

hair. He wore a strange battle armor. The armor was red and yellow, and it glowed when the

sun shone on it.

A frightened Monica stepped forward. "Who are you, and what do you want?" Jake

laughed. "I am Jake. And I want you both dead." Hanka immediately threw a ki ball at him.

Jake deflected it like a volley ball. "Haha. That was pathetic. I hate my job, so I am going

to just get this over with right now."

Hanka immediately flew at Jake. White light covered the two warriors as they

exchanged blows at an unfathomable rate. Monica was watching, scared. She shook her head and

started to charge up a ki blast. "I didn't show this to Hanka for a reason." she said as she

brought her hands in front of her.

"You're pretty tough for someone with a power of only 2380." said Jake grinning.

"Fuck you!" yelled Hanka as he fired multiple blasts at Jake. Smoke formed, and Jake flew

at Hanka from the smoke. He hit Hanka directly in the stomach.

As Hanka was falling to the ground, Jake's scouter started to bleep. "What's this?"

He looked around and found Monica surrounded in a blue light. A large white ball was forming

in front of her hands.

"What?! She's at 4310! That can't be! She's just some Resistance weakling!" The

scouter continued to bleep. "Now it's over 5000! I have to kill her now!" He flew directly

at her. He had almost gotten to her when a foot landed directly on his face.

Jake flew to the ground, landing hard on his back. He started to climb back up when

He got kicked in the back. He fell flat on the ground. He rolled over

and looked up to see

Hanka. He suddenly flew from the ground and into Hanka's face. Hanka flew back with a now

broken nose.

Jake suddenly remembered the girl. He turned around to see her still charging her

blast. He laughed and threw a ki blast at her. The blast vaporized in the blue. "What?!"

Shit! If she hits me with that I'm dead!" He tried to fly away but once again got clocked

by Hanka.

As Jake was falling the blue aura around Monica suddenly got bigger. A powerful

white beam flew from her hands. Jake never thought he'd die like this. He saw the white

light approaching. "I've failed you my lord!" he yelled as the beam overcame him.

The beam exploded on contact. Everything turned white. Hanka had trouble standing up

because of the wind. Monica was shielding her eyes. After a few seconds the light vanished.

Nothing was left of their attacker except some tattered clothing.

"Wow. Who was he?" asked Hanka. "A warrior from the Eternal Order. More are bound to

be coming soon, so I suggest we leave. They don't take murder too kindly." Hanka agreed and

the flew to a new location, bringing some canned food and the scouter with them.

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"What?! The scout was destroyed?!" The large Namekian was furious. "How could they

destroy him? They're just weak Resistance people!" "I don't know sire. Perhaps I should send

Jikum?" said Marcus. Malditus thought about it. "Yes, send Jikum. There's no way they can

beat him."

**\*\*Chapter 5\*\***

Light shined on a glass tube in an eerie yellow glint. The scientist stared at his

failed experiment. The small green hairy baby was floating in a soupy yellow fluid that

reminded one of warm pus oozing from a wound. It smelled just as bad.

"We'll have to try again." said the scientist to one of his colleagues. "I'll have

to dissect this one to see what went wrong." The scientist pressed a red button on the side

of the small container and the fluid drained out, leaving the baby wrinkled and dead.

A woman walked by and gave the man a tray, some dissection equipment, and some new

rubber gloves. "Thank you Maria" said the scientist nervously. Maria walked off as the man

began to strap the cadaver to the tray.

He remembered the orders from Marditus. They had to create the perfect warrior. He

wasn't satisfied with his two Saiyan experiments; the Saiyans weren't very powerful at all.

Sure there were the legends of really powerful Saiyans on some planet called Earth, but they

were just that; legends.

He knew the Nameks could also be very powerful. But some Nameks could only heal, and

some were warriors. He had been trying to combine the best assets of Saiyan and Namekian DNA

to create the most powerful warrior in the universe.

However he was failing. Nothing managed to survive for longer than two weeks. He

cracked open the rib cage to see what the problem was in this child. A mix of purple and red

flooded the tray. After sucking away the blood and fluid from the inside, the scientist got

a decent look at the organ structure.

"There's the problem!" he said, staring at the corpse. The stomach was only half

developed. Namekians had no stomach because of their liquid only

diet. Any serious fighting

creature would need more protein and thus need meat.

He sat and thought. He had to come up with a way for the creature to retain the

Namekian characteristics he craved and still digest meat. In a flash of brilliance it came

to him. He jumped over to his computer and started writing.

"Jump to Gene 7ADF. Write Adenine Adenine Guanine Thymine Guanine Cytosine." The

computer obeyed his vocal commands and altered a visual double helix on the screen. "That

should do it. Time to create another and see what happens to it. Synthesize embryo." The

computer started to whir, and a petri dish exited a small opening on the side of the PC.

"Yes. Hopefully this one will survive. Malditus will soon be very pleased. Nobody

will be able to stop the Eternal Order once this warrior is created. Forever lives the

Eternal Order!"

- - - - -

"They'll be sending some powerful warriors after us soon. We killed that scout

pretty quickly. I'll put on the scouter just in case." Monica reached into her pocket and

removed the scouter. She quickly attached it to her head and it immediately began to bleep.

"What?! 10,000 and rising?! They must be reviving Jikuum! Shit!" Monica began to

rant. "Hold up! What is 'Jikuum'?" "Jikuum is an android used back in the early days of the

Great War. If we get attacked by him we will surely die!"

Hanka was surprised. He had never seen terror come across Monica's face. "W..w..

what are we going to do Monica?! We can't win! We're doomed!" Hanka started to cry. Suddenly

a green aura surrounded them both. They stopped flying.

"What's going on?!" exclaimed a crying Hanka as the two materialized



in a new place.

"Where are we?" They appeared to be in the sky. They were on a circular white surface. A

house was in the distance. A young Namekian in white robes approached them.

"Kami!" Monica bowed down. "Who is he?" asked Hanka. "Bow down!" yelled Monica,

pulling him down. "Heheh. Don't be so hard on him Monica. He can't possibly know who I am.

I am Kami Beditus, God of the Earth."

"I am aware that you two are the only ones left from the Resistance. You are both

very powerful warriors however. You will succeed. The Eternal Order is reviving Jikuum to

attack you. In your current state you would surely lose."

"However, I have a room in this palace. A room of spirit and time. In this room a

day lasts a year. You'll be able to train for an entire year before Jikuum is awakened! Are

you willing to do this?"

"It's either that or die. I'm in!" said Hanka. He was excited. "An entire year alone

with Monica? Yes!" he thought. "We really have no choice. I'm in too." said Monica. "Great!

Follow me."

Kami led them to a room with a giant golden pendulum. "Stand in the middle, close

your eyes, and wait." They obeyed and after a while they heard his voice again. "Open them

now. You are now on Earth one million years in the past. No people will bother your

training. Now go! In a year I'll contact you."

They both opened their eyes to find they were now on an island. There was a lot of

vegetation and wildlife around them. "Wow, what a beautiful place! Kami has good taste!"

exclaimed Monica. "First you're scared and now you're giddy. What's gotten into you lately

Monica?" asked a puzzled Hanka.

"Oh nothing. Let's start training!" she said as she began to do pushups. "I think I

am falling in love with him! I don't know what about him attracts me. He's so wimpy and weak

minded. But he tries and he's learning. He just needs some more outside experience." she

thought.

Hanka watched her do pushups and grin. "Why on Earth is she so happy? We may die in

a year! Oh well, better start training." He started to practice his punches and kicks. He

started by kicking a nearby tree down on one hit.

Then Hanka suddenly remembered something. When they were battling Jake, Monica used

an incredible attack that she never bothered to teach him. "Monica!" She turned her head.

"What was that huge beam you used to kill Jake?"

Monica flew over to Hanka. "A little something I figured out about a year ago. It

was in an old book I found in a temple. It's called a 'Ka Me Ha Me Ha'. It's a huge beam

that can do lots of damage to an opponent."

Hanka began to get excited. "Can you teach me? I want to be able to do it! I need to

be as strong as I possibly can when we fight Jikuum!" "Alright. Palm your hands and bring

them to your left side. Good. Now begin to charge energy into a very tightly packed ball."

A small blue ball of energy formed in-between Hanka's hands. "Great! Now it's going

to start to be difficult, but force as much energy into that ball as you can. Even when it

feels like you can't possibly cram more energy in it."

The ball began to glow white and a blue aura was forming around Hanka's body. The

aura started to become very bright and the ball was growing in size. "Ok, now! Before the

ball explodes! Fling it at something!" yelled Monica.

Hanka flung the ball straight up. A bright white beam followed behind it as it

traveled into the air. Then the sky turned red as it exploded. The wind knocked Monica over

and she had to grab a tree to keep from flying away. Her scouter began to beep.

"12,000? Unbelievable! He is incredible!" she thought. After the smoke cleared Hanka

fell on his knees and started panting. After about ten seconds he passed out. "Wow. No

wonder he's pooped." said Monica as she approached him.

She slapped his face a few times. "Hey sleepy head. Wake up!" He started to stand up

when she grabbed his hand and pulled him up. "Wow. I felt like I was going to break into

pieces during that attack! I hope I don't have to use it. Ouch!"

He turned around and looked at Monica. Her face was gleaming. She had a huge smile

on her face. Her eyes glistened as the sun shone on them. Hanka wasn't sure how to react.

She jumped on him and kissed him. He kissed back and embraced her.

**\*\*Chapter 6\*\***

After a while they stopped and Hanka looked at Monica. "Does this mean we can have

sex now?" asked a confused Hanka. He didn't know exactly how all that worked in a normal

society since all reproduction was done by machines in the Eternal Order.

Monica started to get angry, but then remembered that he honestly did not know the

answer to that question. "No, not yet." she replied. "We don't have time for that. We have

to train for the battle with Jikuum."

"Oh yeah. What's the fastest way to get stronger?" asked Hanka. "I'm not sure. I

guess exercise and practice. I wish Kami gave us some pointers before sending us off."

"I can still help you."

Both suddenly started to look around. "Did you hear that?" asked Hanka. "Yeah, I

did. But where is he?!" "I am communicating telepathically. I'm not actually there. Listen,

you two have no time to dilly dally. I know you have an entire year, but you are going to

need every last second to be as strong as Jikuum."

"I am going to change the gravity in there to 30 times Earth's norm. At first you'll

feel weak and unable to move, but after a while you'll be able to train in it and you'll be

much stronger. ...There now the gravity is set. I'll talk to you in a year. Good luck!"

Both Monica and Hanka immediately flew to the ground. Hanka was able to crawl, but

Monica couldn't even push herself up to do that. "This is insane! How can we ever train like

this? We'll die!" said a frightened Hanka.

The two crawled around for a while. Eventually Hanka was able to stand up a little

bit. "I'm going to try to get some food, ok?" "Sure. Don't expect me to help." Monica had

exhausted herself and couldn't even move.

Hanka found a tree with apples growing on it. He tried to climb it, but fell almost

immediately after one of his feet left the ground. "Ow! This sucks." He tried again, and

this time he managed to climb up about two feet before falling again.

The ground shook when he hit that time. "My ass!" he yelled in pain. Two apples fell

down from the tree. One landed in front of him and shattered to pieces. Then the other hit

his head and shattered to pieces.

"Ow! Jeez! Even the apples are deadly!" He picked up some of the pieces of apple and

crawled over to Monica. He dropped one in her mouth and she chewed

and swallowed it. Almost

immediately she had regained all her energy.

"Wow! Hey what color were those apples?" asked Monica. "They were gold. They look

odd for apples though." said Hanka. "That must be the golden fruit! Before the larger

mammals came about and ate them all, they were everywhere! They can restore your health in

no time! However they are very rare in our time."

"Awesome! Looks like we can train really hard with these around to eat." said an

excited Hanka as he chowed down. "We have a long hard year ahead of us. I hope it's going to

be enough though." said Monica with a look of concern.

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Ritu stared at the chamber. A red plastic capsule with a blue window. The only light

was a red light in the corner. The meter on the capsule read "33%". He was getting bored. He

had to be there when Jikuum was recharged though. The android only trusted the first person

it sees after revival.

Marcus entered the room. His hair made an interesting shadow on the wall. Ritu could

barely contain his laughter. "What the hell is so funny?!" asked an irritated midget. Ritu

pointed at the wall. The shadow resembled a penis.

"I can't believe I have to deal with the likes of you." snarled Marcus. "Malditus

wants to know about Jikuum's progress." Ritu pointed at the meter. "Perhaps you could read

the meter like I do."

Marcus forced himself to not kill Ritu. "34%? Hmm, it's taking a little longer than

usual. Not enough to be worried though. Thank you for your time." Marcus exited the room

and once again created the phallic shadow. Ritu almost fell over laughing. Marcus growled as

he walked down the hall.

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"Success!" The scientist danced around. "I have created the perfect warrior! No one

will ever be able to stop the Eternal Order now!" He walked over to the intercom and pressed

a button. "Malditus sir." he said. "What?! This better be good Johnson." "I've succeeded!

Your perfect warrior is currently an infant."

"Great! Have you implanted the mind control equipment?" asked Malditus. "Yes sir. He

will do anything I say. His power is already amazing, even as a child." "Good. How quickly

can you accelerate his development?" "He can be an adult in about three days." stated the

scientist.

- - - - -

Cryan and Gershim sat where they normally sat for lunch. Though they dared not say

anything, they both wondered what exactly happened to Hanka. The Eternal Order made an

announcement the day after he escaped that he was a traitor and an evil man.

That same day the girl with a tail escaped. The whereabouts of both people were

unknown to the students. Cryan forced himself to eat the grey crud on his tray. Gershim just

played with it with his fork. He wasn't very hungry. He missed Hanka.

Everyone was giving Gershim a weird look. It wasn't normal to be unhappy. Everyone

but him was in their usual drone state. He was actively frowning. He has gotten picked on a

lot lately because of this. He didn't care. He knew they were wrong.

He'd thought about it a lot lately. What is the Eternal Order's good? Why did he

work for its good and not his own? Nobody in the Eternal Order was

happy. Why, then, do they

keep running things like this?

If men were to not be happy, why do they live at all? Whose happiness are we working

for? Certainly not our own. And nobody seems to be doing anything to make us happy. The more

he thought about it, the more he frowned. It seemed hopeless. He could never escape.

He stood up and walked to the line to empty his tray. When he handed back his tray

with the entire meal still on it, the lunch lady gave him a weird look. He marched back to

his table and endured several insults on the way.

Someone pulled on his blue hair. His hair was short like everyone else's, but blue

hair was not common. He tried to dye it black once, but all it did was make his hair a dark

blue. He didn't like being different.

"Hopefully Hanka will come back for me someday." he thought. His frown went away. He

knew that Hanka wouldn't leave his friend behind. The word friend seemed alien to Gershim.

They were taught to never use that evil word. But he didn't care. He didn't care about

anything anymore except for getting free.

When the bell rang he trodded to class. Today's lecture was on Group-Esteem. He

shuddered at the thought. The group could bite his ass as far as he cared. He'd given up on

any chance of happiness in collectivism.

**\*\*Chapter 7\*\***

The sun was shining. Trees were gently wafting in the breeze. Squirrels ran around,

gathering nuts for winter. A small crunch was heard when one of the golden fruits hit the

ground. Immediately ants swarmed over it and began consumption.

The grass suddenly stood on end. Dirt and rocks began to rise from the ground. The

trees began to shake violently. A squirrel fell out of a tree, and all the animals in the area started to run away.

The sky began to darken. A large purple aura began to form around him. Small yellow

dots were leaving the grass and entering the aura. Purple lines that resembled lasers began

to fly into the aura, exploding in a blast of white when they hit.

Suddenly his arms flew out and he let out a primal scream. Everything turned white.

Trees began to fall over from the force of the blast. The purple began to turn red as he

gritted his teeth and growled, struggling to contain the power he was manipulating.

He lifted his hands into the air and cupped them. A large white ball began to form

in his hands. He yelled as he flung the ball forward, creating an enormous beam of light.

Trees in it's path instantly vaporized on contact.

He then disappeared and reappeared in front of the beam. He crossed his arms in

front of himself and screamed. The beam slowed down and then began to move back. He then

flung his arms up, and the beam flew into the sky.

Nothing happened for about five seconds. Everything seemed to have calmed down. Then

the beam exploded. The sky turned a dark red. Lighting struck a nearby tree, causing it to

fall over. Wind blew through his hair.

After a while the sky cleared up again. Hanka stared at the damage he had done. He

was amazed at how powerful he was getting. And he managed to do it in 30x normal gravity.

And he still had six more months to train in preparation for Jikum.

"There's no way Jikum can beat me! I am incredible!" Hanka was extremely pleased



with himself. "Did you get any sort of power reading on that?" he asked Monica, who was

sitting on a rock about thirty yards away.

"Sort of. You blew the fuckin' scouter up! It exploded around when you formed that

beam in your hands. It read 52,760." "Right on! Think I could beat Jikuum? Oh yeah!" He said

in pure egoism.

Monica frowned and shook her head. "What?! You've got to be kidding me! Didn't you

just see what I did?" "I've also seen what Jikuum can do. We can't beat him. Not yet anyway.

I doubt we will be able to do it six months from now when we leave."

Hanka started to frown. Then his face looked very stern and almost angry. "Well, we

can't give up. We can't just give in to the evil the Eternal Order is forcing on innocent

people. Even if it means certain defeat."

Monica grinned. He'd become so much more mature in the past six months. He'd only

enhanced the things about himself that Monica loved him for. She wished he didn't refuse to

be romantically involved with her right now.

He did have a point. They didn't have time for such things. They had to train hard

so they could beat Jikuum. She frowned again. They both could very well die before anything

happened between them. A lonely death...

- - - - -

A small child was sitting in a chamber with glass windows and grey metal walls. The

child appeared to be about four years old. His skin was a light green color, as if you mixed

green food coloring into milk. His hair was jet black and fell behind his head. His ears and

nose were pointy. He was extremely muscular for such a young child.

A scientist was outside with a notepad taking notes. A toy block in front of the

child began to shake. The child started to glow white. The scientist excitedly began to jot

notes down. The block began to move upwards. It then moved in front of the child.

The child examined the block, rotating it with his mind. The child stopped glowing

and the block fell to the ground. The scientist's scouter beeped a few times. The scientist

grinned.

"Malditus will be pleased! This child could change the course of history! Time for

the regeneration test." Suddenly a swirling blade dropped from the ceiling and fell, slicing

the child's left arm off.

The child screamed as reddish purple goo spurted from the wound. Tears ran down it's

eyes as it examined the wound. The bleeding eventually stopped, and the child stopped

crying. The wound had ceased to hurt.

The child began to glow white again. Swirls of white energy swung around the opening

where the child's arm once was. Then slowly the arm began to grow back. The energy swirled

around the end of the arm as it slowly grew back to normal. After five minutes the arm was

completely healed and being used to play with toy blocks.

The whole time the scientist had been jotting notes down. He was very excited. The

old, dead arm remained on the floor. It had started to turn black, and the room began to

stink. "Nurse, could you clean up that mess?" he asked.

A nurse walked in and opened the door after a retinal scan. She then began to clean

the mess. When the child saw the nurse walking away with his old arm he began to get angry.

He started to glow white again, so the nurse ran outside of the room and pressed the lock

button.

The blade used to cut the arm off rose into the air, spinning. It hit the door and

stuck into it just as it was closing. The nurse fell on her knees and began to pant. She'd

almost gotten killed!

"Thank you." said the scientist, still grinning. He was extremely pleased with his

work. Then he felt it again. He began to feel guilty. Not for injuring the child, not for

that at all. But for feeling pride. He should only be proud of the Eternal Order.

He started to frown. He'd been selfish. How could he be proud of himself? Only the

Eternal Order mattered to him. He sat down and clutched his head in pain. He couldn't be

proud of himself. He couldn't.

- - - - -

Ritu stared at Jikuum's chamber. The panel read 66%. A man dressed in a white

uniform entered the room. "Mail for Ritu, Order Member 23-3429-90." The man handed Ritu an

envelope and left. Ritu tore it open to see what was inside.

At first he looked shocked. Then a grin spread across his face. It was a magazine.

The letter attached to the magazine read "Take this as payment for watching Jikuum." It was

signed by Malditus himself. Ritu laughed.

The magazine was entitled Erotic Woman Monthly. It was dated March 873. He opened it

to find exactly what he expected; pictures of hot women nude. He immediately got up and went

to the bathroom.

Marcus laughed. His trick had worked perfectly. He then ran in and spread some clear

glue on Ritu's seat. Just as he was finishing, he heard the toilet flush. "He must've taken

care of the job!" Marcus thought as he snickered.

Ritu came back and sat down on his chair. Something about it felt squishy to him, so

he tried to get up to see what he just sat in. The chair came up with his behind as he stood

up. "God dammit Marcus! This is for the penis joke isn't it?! Grrr."

Ritu crawled out of his pants which were now fastened to the chair with super glue.

He mumbled as he walked to his chamber in his underwear. People pointed and laughed. He was

going to make Marcus pay for this.

**\*\*Chapter 8\*\***

The boar ran. It knew it's life was in extreme danger. It felt the presence of an

enormous predatory power chasing it. So it ran. It hopped around trees and rocks in its

desperate attempt to escape. Then it felt a sharp pain in its neck and fell over. Everything

turned black.

She ran over to her kill and broke its neck. A sickening crack resonated throughout

the forest. She turned her head toward a tree. She extended her pointer finger from her

right hand and pointed at the tree. The tip of her finger began to glow a blue color.

A sharp blue bolt of energy flew from her finger and smacked the tree. The tree

shook violently but did not break. Lots of branches fell down from the tree. She gathered

the branches up and made a small pile. She fired another bolt at the pile and it caught

fire.

She grabbed a leg from the dead boar and twisted it until it snapped loose. She tore

off the flesh and then held the drum stick over the flame. She frowned as she watched the

outside of the flesh turn color. She started to miss her home at the Eternal Order. At least

there she didn't have to live as a savage.

She was pretty short. Only about five feet tall. Her hair was short and brown. She

was very tanned. She was very muscular for a woman. Her face and chest glowed in the flame.

The rest of her body was engulfed by the night. It would soon be morning.

After eating the leg she layed on her side to go to sleep. She yelped as she

accidentally rolled onto her tail. After rubbing the tail to help with the pain, she layed

down again. She drifted off to sleep.

- - - - -

"Mommy, when will dinner be ready?" asked a four year old girl. She was in a kitchen

in a small log cabin. A woman in an apron was tending to the chicken she was cooking. "Only

another fifteen minutes or so honey. Go play with your brother while you wait." "Oh man.."

She was very hungry. She forgot to ate lunch because she was outside playing.

There was a knocking on the door. "Could you get that sweetie?" asked the woman. The

little girl ran to the door and opened it. A man in a grey body suit with a helmet and gun

stared at her with dark cold eyes.

"All individuals in this house approach the door now and nobody'll be hurt!" yelled

the soldier. The little girl screamed and started to cry. Her brother, seven, and her mother

approached the door.

"Ma'am, we are from the Eternal Order recruitment center. We are here for your son

and daughter. I suggest you let them go peacefully if you value your life." Another soldier

approached the door.

Everything seemed to slow down to a crawl. The soldiers grabbed the hands of the two

children and were leading them out of the house when the mother ran towards the door. Her

green hair flowed behind her as she ran to her children.

"Don't take my babies away! No! Stop!" The soldiers were not in the mood to play

games. They both turned around and emptied their pistols into the woman. "Mommy!" both

children screamed as their dead mother fell onto the floor.

The soldiers picked up the children and left. Their truck could be heard pulling

away from the cabin. A tear trickled down the cheek of the corpse.

"Nooo!" yelled Monica as she woke up. She was completely drenched in sweat. Hanka

suddenly jumped up and looked around. "Whoa! What happened?!" said an excited Hanka. "Relax

Hanka, I was just having a nightmare."

"About what exactly?" "The day they took my brother and I away to the Eternal Order.

And the day my mother...my mother..." Monica burst into tears. Hanka sat down next to her

and tried to comfort her.

"I'm not going to say it's ok. It isn't. But you just wait. We'll make those fuckers

pay for every terrible thing they've ever done. We have to. Otherwise there is no hope.

Right now all we can do is train as hard as we can and hope we can change things." Hanka

lowered his head. Now he was depressed. He never knew what happened to his mother.

- - - - -

Benditus watched the sun rise from his lookout. "They don't have much time left.

Nobody has ever seen Jikuum's full power. I don't know if they can win." He lowered his head

in shame. He held himself responsible for the mess the Eternal Order has created. After all,

his evil half did cause it all.

He was still very young for a Kami. The ravages of age had yet to take their toll on

him. He wore a loose white gi that fluttered in the wind and covered his arms and legs

completely. Though a powerful warrior, there were certainly many on Earth who could defeat

him.

"Only two hours left. I hope they can train enough in the remaining month to make a

difference." He walked back into his room. He had done all he can. Everything was up to fate

now.

- - - - -

A bright blue aura surrounded Hanka. He was punching. All Monica could see was a

blur in front of Hanka's body. Hanka whipped around and moved his hand upward as if to

attack with an uppercut. A ball of blue energy flew up from his hand. Quickly he shot

forward with his other hand and fired a red beam.

He followed with a flurry of kicks. Once again all Monica could see was a blur.

After kicking for about thirty seconds the blue aura disappeared and he fell on the ground.

He started panting. "Must...get...stronger!" He started to push himself off of the ground

but fell back down again.

"Hahah. Want me to toss you a fruit Hanka?" asked Monica. She found it amusing when

he could barely move after really intense training. "Please do!" He struggled to say. All

that came out, however, was "Please...dah!". Monica giggled and tossed one just out of his

reach.

He struggled to get to it. Just as he was about to grab it Monica kicked it away

from him. He growled in anger and suddenly leapt in the air. He landed next to the fruit and

gobbled it up immediately. "Much better! Now what the hell was that all about?" asked Hanka.

"How...did...you suddenly get so much energy?" she stuttered. She'd never seen

someone go from completely exhausted to being able to leap twenty feet in such a short time.

"I don't know. I just...did. I got angry and it happened. Interesting..."

"Well, we only have twenty four hours left to train. Are you as afraid as I am?"

asked Monica. "Sort of. I am scared. But for some reason I am looking forward to it." "Say

what?! Looking forward to it?! Why?" "I don't know. It is strange I admit. I have this urge

to fight."

"You're definitely a Saiyan alright." "What exactly is a Saiyan anyway? You never

told me what it means." asked a curious Hanka. "The Saiyans were a race of warriors that in

many ways dominated the universe. Their home planet exploded in the 700s, leaving only a few

of them left. They interbred with the humans of this planet until they eventually faded out

of existence."

"Wow. Then how am I a Saiyan if they are all gone?" "I would guess the result of a

scientific experiment. I really don't know though." Hanka sighed. He resumed training and

Monica watched. She stopped training about a month ago when she noticed she wasn't getting

any stronger.

- - - - -

Ritu grabbed his portable communicator. He dialed a few numbers into it. It beeped

a few times, then a stern Namek voice answered from the communicator. "What is it?" "Sir,

Jikuum is 99% revived. You need to get down here right away." "Ok. Bye." \*click\*.



Malditus appeared in the room almost instantly. "Leave immediately!" yelled the

tall green man. "Yes sir!" yelled a scared Ritu as he ran from the room. Malditus shut the

door and sat down.

After about two minutes the meter read 100% and beeped. The door slowly slid open,

exposing a large figure shrouded in darkness. Slowly it rose out of the chamber and stood

before Malditus.

"Are you my master?" it said in a very plain monotone voice. "Yes. I am your master,

Malditus. You are to refer to me as Master. Is that understood?" stated a very stern

Malditus. "Yes, Master." said Jikum.

The android was enormous. Almost eight feet tall. Its hair was very short and brown.

It had a very rectangular muscular face. It wore a very loose brown T-shirt and light brown

pants. It looked very much like a Caucasian human. Except for, of course, the scouter built

into its head.

"You are to leave this place and find two escaped Order members. They are very

powerful, but no match for you. Use your scouter to find them. When you find them, destroy

them. Do you understand my orders?"

"Yes, Master. I will carry them out." The lumbering android flew out of the building

and turned on its scouter.

- - - - -

"Hanka! Monica! Can you hear me?" "Yeah Kami. I can." "Me too" "Good. It is time.

You will reappear back here at the lookout. You must leave immediately though. Jikum has

just been revived and I don't want him to find this place."

"Ok Kami" answered Hanka. They reappeared just as Kami said they would. "Good luck!"

yelled Benditus as they flew off into the woods. "I guess we wait for him to find us." said

Monica. Hanka nodded.

Suddenly a bright light flashed in front of them. When the light cleared away they

saw the gigantic android. Both of them stood still in fear. It was time to find out if they

were ready for this.

**\*\*Chapter 9\*\***

Hanka was literally shaking with fear. "Wh..wh..who are you?!" he eventually yelled.

"I am Jikuum. I am here to destroy you." Jikuum flew forward and kicked Hanka square in the

stomach. Hanka flew back and into a nearby tree.

"Oh fuck. Let's rock!" yelled Hanka as he stood up. He started to glow white. Rocks

and dirt began to lift from the ground. The glow began to expand outward and turn blue,

until one could barely even see Hanka in it.

Monica had also started to power up. Two red balls were forming over her hands. She

glowed a dark red color. She knew that she had no chance of winning. She wasn't nearly as

powerful as either Hanka or Jikuum.

Trees around Hanka started cracking and falling over. "Grraaaaaa!" Hanka flung his

limbs out and a huge explosion surrounded him. After the smoke cleared he looked as if

nothing happened.

However, nothing didn't cause Jikuum's scouter to start beeping. Jikuum decided it

was best to contact Malditus about this. "Master!" he spoke. Being an android, he had

communication hardware inside of him.

"What is it?!" "One of the rebels, his battle power is over 500,000!" "What?! Well,

you have your orders. Die if you have to." "Yes Master." Jikuum then

turned to see a furious

Hanka coming towards him.

Before Jikuum could block Hanka two red beams hit his face. After swiping them away,

Hanka's fist connected with his face. Jikuum didn't move at all except for his head turning.

Hanka then let loose with a flurry of punches and kicks on Jikuum's back.

Jikuum shook around a bit. Once Hanka had finished, Jikuum appeared unharmed. Hanka

flew back in fear. "How the hell could he possibly remain unwounded after that?!" Hanka

decided to try the Ka Me Ha Me Ha that Monica taught him a year ago.

Blue began to charge in Hanka's hands. A huge red aura surrounded his body. "Ka..."

Jikuum stared at Hanka curiously. He knew whatever the rebel was doing it couldn't possibly

hurt him.

"Me..." Hanka began to grit his teeth. The power was starting to hurt. He had to

take it though. He continued to press as much energy into the ball as he could. "Ha..."

Monica was just staring in amazement.

"Me..." Hanka's body started to shake. The pain was now unbearable. His body could

barely handle the energy he was controlling now. The aura nearly doubled in size and almost

engulfed Monica.

"...HA!" Hanka flung his hands up towards Jikuum. A huge blue beam about six feet in

diameter flew at Jikuum. His scouter beeped just before the beam connected. The explosion

turned everything white. Both Monica and Hanka flew back because of the wind generated.

Eventually the explosion stopped, and the smoke cleared. Jikuum was on the ground

and not moving. He had burn marks all over his body. "I did it! YES!" Hanka started dancing

with joy.

"No you idiot. He's just unconscious. See, he's moving already!"  
Jikum slowly

crawled back up. "Guess I underestimated you. It won't happen again."  
Hanka just stared in

utter horror. That was his most powerful attack. How could he win  
now?

Jikum flew forward and grabbed Hanka by his neck. Hanka tried to  
pull Jikum's grip

off of his neck but to no avail. Jikum started to squeeze. Hanka  
couldn't move. Monica

started to sense something.

"Help me! Ahhh!" she heard. But she didn't hear it with her ears. It  
just appeared

in her thoughts. Jikum slammed Hanka's body into a tree, causing it  
to break and fall over.

"You will die." stated Jikum plainly.

"HELP ME!" Hanka's psychic emanation was becoming very intense.  
Monica couldn't

think of anything else at all. She flew towards Jikum but Jikum  
just slapped her away like

a fly.

Blood started trickling down the side of Hanka's neck. Hanka started  
to think about

his life. He remembered the day he was taken from his mother. He  
remembered how Monica's

mother was shot dead.

He remembered his years in the enslavement of the Eternal Order. And  
now, just as he

was figuring out he was supposed to live for his own happiness, he  
was about to die. They

were going to kill him because he wanted to be happy.

"No! Not this fucking time!" Hanka started to glow red. "I won't die!  
They will!"

Hanka's eyes began to glow red. "Die!" he thought. Monica heard it  
mentally as she layed on

a tree bleeding.

"Yaaaaaaaah!" Hanka screamed and broke free of Jikuum's grip. He was glowing white

and shaking violently. He'd never experienced energy like this before. It was downright

unreal. He immediately smashed his fist into Jikuum's face.

Jikuum flew back a good five feet. Hanka proceeded to punch and kick him all over.

Despite his attempts, Jikuum couldn't block any of the blows. "Yeah bitch! You die now!"

thought an enraged Hanka.

Hanka smashed Jikuum's head with a double fist. Jikuum flew into the bottom of a

nearby tree. Hanka screamed and shot a flurry of beams at him. Jikuum's body was engulfed in

white flame.

Suddenly the white flame turned red. Jikuum yelled as a red explosion surrounded

him. Hanka flew back a good ways due to the force of the explosion. After the smoke cleared

a very battered Jikuum was panting and staring at Hanka.

His scouter began to bleep a bit, and a tube attached to the other side of his head

was suddenly emptied of a gooey dark blue fluid. Suddenly Jikuum's wounds vanished and his

muscles bulged even larger than before.

- - - - -

"I don't know if Hanka can win or not. Things seem to be pretty even right now."

thought a concerned Benditus. He was glad they managed to reach the forest before they

encountered Jikuum. The lookout had already been rebuilt once.

"Poor Monica. She'll probably recover, but she's in terrible condition." Benditus

stared at a plant. The plant bore one of the magical golden fruits that revitalized anyone

who ate it.

"Should I give it to her? Or should I wait and see if Hanka needs it?" Benditus sat

down and thought about it. "She'll probably live. I'll give it to her after the battle if

Hanka doesn't need it."

Benditus walked to the edge and looked down on the battle. The forest was flashing

a myriad of colors. "Must be one hell of a battle down there." he said worried.

- - - - -

"Sir, the scouter is reading that boy's power at 773,448. How can that be possible?

He escaped just a little over two weeks ago and his power was recorded at less than 100!"

The private sat at his control booth, scared of what Malditus might do to him if he was

angered.

"Benditus..." muttered Malditus. He knew exactly how. "You mean Kami sir?" asked the

private. "Don't you dare call him that in my presence! As far as you're concerned, I am your

deity!" "Yes sir!" said the frightened soldier.

Malditus pressed a few buttons on his portable intercom. "How goes the experiment?"

he asked the scientist. "Wonderful! The child is about 11 years old now. Development is

right on schedule." "And his power?" "...Just be glad he's under our control."

Malditus grinned. He had plans for that child. Plans that the scientist was not even

aware of. "And does he have a conscious mind of his own?" "No sir. The implantation

destroyed any semblance of a will long ago. He wouldn't recover even if we removed it."

"Excellent. Carry on." Malditus pressed a button on the intercom and put it back in

his pocket.

- - - - -

It was starting to get dark. Neither warrior had been able to gain an upper hand for

any extended period of time. It looked as if the Earth might lose this battle. Kami sat down

and worried. He couldn't think of a way to help Hanka...

Then it clicked. "I got it!" He ran outside and looked at the sky. It was a half

moon in the dusk sky. He closed his eyes and his body began to glow white. Small sparkly

white balls began to flow from his body to the moon.

Slowly the moon began to get larger. After about five minutes the moon was

completely full. He then contacted Hanka telepathically. "Hanka, you need to do something to

win this battle. Look at the moon. Now!"

Hearing Kami's message, Hanka knocked Jikuum away from him long enough to get a good

look at the moon. "That's odd. The moon is full. But it was full only two weeks ag..." Hanka

started to feel strange.

Suddenly he felt extreme pain. He started to grow fur all over his body. He roared

as he grew longer teeth and began to increase in size. His clothes ripped apart as his body

grew.

Monica grinned. She knew this had to be the work of Kami. Now they have a good

chance of winning this battle.

**\*\*Chapter 10\*\***

Hanka's body grew until he towered above the trees around him. When he finished

transforming he let out a mighty roar. His mind had melted away, leaving nothing behind but

a carnal bloodlust.

He went absolutely crazy. Immediately he began to smash trees and destroy things.

He shot an immense blue beam from his mouth and created a crater big enough to hold the

Statue of Liberty.

"At this rate he'll destroy himself and the planet in minutes!"  
thought Monica. She

was trying to reach Hanka telepathically, but she didn't have the  
energy. Suddenly one of

the yellow fruits landed on her.

She gobbled it up and immediately regained her strength. She then  
concentrated as

much as she possibly could. Suddenly Hanka stopped moving. "Hanka,  
remember who you are.

Kill Jikuum! Kill him!"

Hanka turned around and faced Jikuum. The android, having long been  
programmed with

data on every living species, including the Saiyans, headed for the  
behemoth's tail. Hanka

swung around and smashed him with his fist.

Jikuum flew into the ground and made a large crater. Yellow ooze was  
seeping out of

his open wounds. Slowly he stood up. His arm was hanging on to his  
body by only a thick cord

of metal. Sparks shot out of the injury.

- - - - -

"Sir! The scouting machine is suddenly reading a power of 6,000,000!"  
"Impossible!

The machine must be broken! Bring me up a visual!" Mالدitus was  
beginning to get frustrated.

The screen flickered and an image popped up.

"Holy shit! What the hell is that?" Mالدitus suddenly yelled. He  
could see a

gigantic ape standing there. "He's a...a...a Saiyan? But how?!"  
Mالدitus smashed his fist

into the table next to him.

The table shattered into thousands of pieces. "God dammit! The  
scouter's reading is

probably accurate! Jikuum will be massacred!" Mالدitus pressed a  
button on his communicator.

"Jikuum! Kill that son of a bitch now! I don't care how!"

- - - - -



Jikuum leaped into the air. He fired a beam at Hanka's tail which was easily swatted

away. Hanka grabbed Jikuum and lifted him into the air. Hanka stared directly into the

android's eyes.

The eyes of the android were cold and emotionless. Hanka suddenly squeezed. The

android's eyes suddenly turned dark. Yellow goo splattered from the top and bottom of

Hanka's fist onto the ground.

Hanka released his grip and the shattered android fell to the ground. It's body was

twisted and ripped beyond repair or recognition. Monica jumped up and down and cheered.

Hanka turned around and looked at her.

Suddenly she stopped cheering and became very scared. What was Hanka going to do?

She knew he didn't have full control of himself in his current state. Hanka lifted his fist

into the air and growled.

Monica covered her face and hoped for the best. Suddenly Hanka grabbed his own tail

and tore it from his body. He shrunk down to normal size and lost all of the features of the

ape form. He then passed out on the ground, naked.

Monica slowly uncovered her face and looked. She saw Hanka passed out on the ground,

naked as the day he was born. She couldn't help but giggle. She ran over to him and hopped

around cheering.

Hanka suddenly woke up, and slowly stood up. "Whoa. So THAT'S how I escaped the

Eternal Order before." Suddenly he realized he was in his birthday suit. "Whoa! I'm naked!

Ahh! You've seen it!" He quickly covered up his groin but failed miserably. Monica roared

with laughter.

Kami suddenly landed next to them with some clothing for Hanka. Hanka snatched them

up and put them on without saying a word. "Jeez, you could ask. I am Kami after all." Hanka

laughed. "Sorry, it's just, well, you know..." Hanka pointed at his groin.

Kami laughed and nodded. "You are excused." Kami turned his head to the west. "You

know, it won't be long until Marditius finds out about this. And if you thought Jikuum was

powerful..."

"Who?" asked a confused Hanka. "You have much to learn my child. Listen to what I

have to tell you. You must understand your foe before you battle him." Kami took a seat on

the ground, and Hanka and Monica followed suit.

"I come from a beautiful planet very similar to Earth called Namek. Back in the 600s

or so, a terrible catastrophe occurred on Planet Namek. Almost everybody on the planet died.

But one Namek survived. His name was Saichorou."

"You see, Nameks are without sex. We reproduce by producing eggs in our body and

then coughing them up orally." Hanka made a face as if he'd never heard of anything so

disgusting in his whole life. "Oh please. Anyway, this man set out to repopulate Namek."

"He had many many children. Over a hundred! He also created seven magical spheres

called Dragon Balls. When someone gathered the Dragon Balls into one place and summoned the

dragon, they were granted any three wishes within the dragons power."

"After making the wishes, the Dragon Balls would disappear for one Namekian year.

After that they would appear in random places on the planet, waiting to be found by someone

seeking three wishes from the dragon."

"One day, a very evil man landed on the planet. His name was Freeza.

He had awesome

power. Power even beyond Hanka and Mauditus! He began to steal the Dragon Balls so he could

wish for immortality and rule the universe!"

"However, a battle with a Saiyan here on Earth led some Earthlings to land on Namek

to defeat Freeza so they could use the Dragon Balls to revive their friends who were killed.

However, before Freeza could make the wish, Saichorou died. Since he created the Dragon

Balls, they died with him."

"Freeza quickly had his hands full with the Earthlings though. One of the Earthlings

was a Saiyan." Hanka suddenly became more interested. "Thought that might rekindle your

interest in my story. He had immense power even for a Saiyan."

"He battled Freeza, but after a while it seemed Freeza was going to win. But then

something happened to this very peculiar Saiyan. He transformed, but not into an ape like

all Saiyans do. This was something completely different."

"Some called him a 'Super Saiyan'. His power jumped immensely. His hair turned a

golden color. In this form he defeated Freeza. Namek was destroyed in the battle though.

Luckily there were Dragon Balls on Earth that granted the user one wish. These balls were

created by the Kami of Earth."

"After all was said and done, a new planet Namek was formed, and all the Nameks were

revived and safely moved there." Hanka yawned. "What does this have to do with us?" "Be

patient young Hanka. Be patient. The Nameks lived peacefully for about four hundred years

until something very strange happened."

"A young Namek was born. Nameks have two classes; healers and fighters. This child

was neither though. His abilities were strange, and psychic in

nature. He was in addition to

this an excellent fight and healer."

"At first this was a very great thing. But then something happened to the child. He

began to become vicious and evil. He would steal and kill to get whatever he wanted. He

started to become more powerful."

"Then the most terrible thing happened. He figured out a way to become more powerful

than he already was. He could literally absorb the essence of a living being and add that to

his own power."

"He started to do this to Nameks all around. His power became enormous. The Nameks

managed to gather their energies and fling the evil child off of the planet. Unfortunately

the child landed here on Earth."

"The current Kami of Earth was passing away. He was one of the Nameks from the

original Namek. He was over 500 years old! Just as he passed away the child landed. The

child decided he wanted to possess the Earth as his own."

"However, he still had a good side in him. Struggling with what good was left inside

of him, he split into two beings. One was his good side, who eventually became Kami. I am

this side."

Monica gasped. Hanka just stared at him. "The evil side was incredibly powerful. He

is the one you know as Malditus. He hasn't gotten much stronger since then though. He can

only absorb the power of fellow Nameks."

"He started the Eternal Order as a front to his own domination of Earth. Disguising

his evil goals of world conquest with nasty propaganda about a people's army and a new

Earth devoid of the poor and the weak."

"Now he has almost attained his goal. You have to stop him for the sake of the

Earth. You will most likely lose though. You simply aren't powerful enough to beat him.

Especially without your tail."

"Wow. What a story. Well, you can count on me to try my absolute hardest to win.

Maybe if I can somehow become a, what was it, 'Super Saiyan' "  
"Foolishness! A Super Saiyan

only emerges once in a great while."

"I have to try." Hanka had an unusually honest look in his eye. "Try you must. But

it is not known how one becomes a Super Saiyan. Go now. It won't be long before Malditus

finds you."

"Yes Kami. Good bye." "Bye Kami!" yelled Monica as they flew away. What destiny

awaits them is unknown...

**\*\*Chapter 11\*\***

"If you want to even have a remote chance of winning, you need to be healed. I know

where we can find some regen tanks. Follow me." Monica turned to the left. Hanka didn't even

bother to ask what a regen tank was and just followed.

Like two burning stars in the distance, they seemed to transcend space and time.

Light followed them in a trail as if it was trying to keep up to their speed. All Hanka saw

when they landed was a useless cave.

"What good is a cave?" asked a frustrated Hanka. He was tired, and hoped this "regen

tank" would make him feel better. "Just follow me." said Monica. They walked into the cave.

Just behind the entrance, covered by a rock, were two regen tanks.

Each was a blue capsule-like container with a front window. Both were drained. Drips

of water splattered on the bottom of the left one. It was recently

used apparently. Monica

motioned for Hanka to enter the right one.

"Ok, put this breathing mask on. Now, you aren't very badly hurt, so this should

only take about twenty minutes. Closing..." The front was pushed up and it locked into

place. Then the tank started to fill with water.

"Don't worry Hanka. That's normal. You can breathe just fine with the mask." Hanka

floated in place with a look of exhaustion. Then his eyes closed.

"Good. He's asleep."

Monica found a suitable rock to lay on and followed suit.

- - - - -

Malditus paced around his room. It was a very regal room, with carpets and cloths of

red and gold strewn about it. He was extremely angry. This he would admit. But he would

never admit to anybody that he was scared.

Sure his power was greater than Jikuum's. But so was this Saiyan's. It was not truly

possible to know if he could defeat the Saiyan or not. He'd never charged up to full power

out of fear for what it may do to him, so Malditus did not know what his true power was.

He fell back on his bed. Like everything else in the room, it was a dazzling gold

and red combo with pillows to match. Suddenly he stood up. He walked over to the

communicator on the wall by the door.

He pressed a few buttons, and the communicator beeped. "Yes sir?" answered a meek

human voice. "How is the progress with the 'experiment'?" "Excellent sir! He's growing just

fine, in size and in power. He should be ready in about a day or so."

Malditus grinned. Not even the scientist knew of his ability or what plans he had

for that creature. So long as that Saiyan didn't attack while the

experiment was still

growing, Malditus could easily win.

"Ok. That will be all." He pressed a red button on the communicator.  
Now all he had

left to do was wait and hope for the best...

- - - - -

After what seemed like an eternity to Hanka and about ten seconds to  
Monica, the

regen tank beeped. The water drained from it, and the door opened.  
Hanka opened his eyes. He

removed the breathing mask and stepped out from it.

"\*Yawn\* So you're healed now? Good. Perhaps you'd like to get some  
sleep in before

your battle. You haven't slept in a while." "On a rock? Don't you  
have a sleeping bag or

something anywhere?"

"Nope. Otherwise I'd be using one." She grinned. Hanka slowly came  
upon the

realization that they weren't training anymore. He layed back on a  
rock next to Monica's.

"Hey Monica, we aren't training anymore right? So..."

Monica laughed nervously. "I don't think so Hanka." Monica blushed.  
"Haha. No I

don't mean that." He rolled over and put his arm around her. "I just  
mean this." "Ok, that

is just fine."

Monica grinned and cuddled back. They both quickly fell asleep.  
Little did they

know just what would happen in the next few days.

The next morning greeted them with a dark orange sun shining directly  
into the cave.

The dirt and rock looked almost yellow when the sun shone upon it.  
When the light hit

Monica's eyes, she woke up.

She nudged Hanka. She couldn't get up until he did. Hanka slowly  
opened his eyes.

He said something that could not be converted to roman letters, but

sounded a bit like

"Uhhhhhhh."

"Oh uhhh yourself. I can't get up until you do." Hanka rolled over and Monica was

free. She stood up and dusted herself off. "Oh jeez, going back to sleep? We slept eight

hours already."

She resisted the urge to kick him. Instead she tickled him. "Hahaha. Stop. Ok, I'm

getting up. Man." Hanka slowly crawled to his feet. His hair was a mess. He looked like

a truck hit him. "You're really not a morning person are you?" Monica grinned.

"So, what do we do about this Malditus guy? Is he going to come to us, or just wait

until we attack." Monica furrowed her brow. "Assuming he knows what's good for him, he's

going to wait and continue his control over everyone until someone attacks."

Hanka shook his head around to wake up. "Then what are we waiting for? Let's go!"

Hanka started to fly off, but Monica grabbed his leg. "Hanka you moron, do you even know

where you are going?"

Hanka thought for a second, and then landed back on the ground. "So where is he?"

"I would assume at the base. It's north of here, about a good two hour flight even for you."

Hanka grinned. "Two hours? That's nothing. Now can we go?"

Monica laughed. "Yeah, we don't really have a choice." Hanka flew into the sky, and

Monica quickly followed.

- - - - -

The communicator by Malditus' door beeped. "What is it?" he asked with a bored tone

to his voice. "Sir, two large powers are heading here. They are due south. One is presumably

the Saiyan who killed Jikuum. His power is reading at



812,343."

Malditus sighed. He would have to hold out until the experiment was ready. Then he

could easily destroy Hanka. He laughed at the thought. Oh the joy it would bring him to see

that puny obstacle crushed under his might.

He called the scientist on the communicator. "Is everything going according to

schedule?" "Yes sir. He should be ready by this afternoon." "Good. That is all." Malditus

walked over to his chest of drawers.

He opened the bottom drawer, revealing a black gi. He slowly put it on. It was loose

and completely black, except the red lining around the neck and waist. The sleeves were

very short, only reaching his elbows.

He also pulled out and put on some dark brown boots. "It's been a while" he said to

himself as he prepared for battle. He had long since employed others to do his dirty work.

But nobody on the base could compete with the Saiyan except him.

Despite the suit's loose fit, the Namek still looked like someone to be feared. He

was extremely muscular, even for a fighting Namek. Some humans would describe him as

"ripped". His large mouth grinned. Despite his fears, he truly enjoyed fighting.

To test himself, he used his claw and sliced a large gash into his right arm. In

seconds the gash was starting to heal, and after about a minute it was completely gone. He

grinned. His abilities would certainly come into good use.

He marched out of his room and into the main control deck. His minions gasped as he

walked by in his new attire. "How long until they arrive?" "About another hour sir." The man

was literally shaking in fear. The Namekian man looked like a demon from hell.

"Good. I'll wait outside for them." Malditus walked out of the base through a metal

door and stood out on the grass. The sun was now fully visible and shining on Malditus. If

one looked really hard, one could see two blue cosmic rays, flying towards the base.

Hanka was starting to wonder if he should even bring Monica along. She's nothing

compared to Hanka and Malditus. She could get hurt. He couldn't bring himself to do it

though. He also knew she would refuse.

He found her presence comforting. She was a living emblem of his will to live. He

was in love with her. He would die for her. "Hopefully I won't have to.." he thought out

loud. "What was that Hanka?" "Nothing."

**\*\*Chapter 12\*\***

With speed that was barely detectable by human eyes, Monica and Hanka landed in

front of Malditus. Wind blew over Malditus' head, causing his antennae to sway back and

forth. He grinned. He really did like a good fight.

Hanka lost his nerve. "Monica, I want you to leave. You can't help and I don't want

you to get hurt." "But I can't just let him do this to the Earth! I watched his men brutally

slaughter my mother! Please Hanka!"

Hanka frowned. "I know you want revenge. But he is way out of your league, and most

likely even out of mine. But he can use you as an advantage in battle. I can't risk that.

Do you understand?"

Monica meekly nodded. "However, I still won't go. And you know you can't make me."

Hanka grinned. "So be it. At least try to take cover or something." Monica ran behind the

building. "Don't die on me Hanka."

Hanka laughed. "Don't worry about that!" Mالدitus interrupted. "I don't have all day

here. Are we going to fight or not?" Hanka turned and faced Mالدitus. "Let's rock." Hanka

took a fighting stance.

Mالدitus flew at Hanka with mind numbing speed. Hanka feigned a punch, and Mالدitus

disappeared. Hanka, grinning, kicked behind him and flung a surprised Mالدitus into a wall.

"Hahahaha. Pathetic!" Hanka was getting cocky.

Mالدitus wiped a small amount of purple ooze from his mouth. "Neither of us it at

full power. What do you say we both go ahead and reach our maximum potential now and stop

wasting time?"

Hanka grinned. "Sure! I was hoping you'd say that." On that note he began to glow a

dark red color. Mالدitus began to glow green. Hanka's pupils disappeared as blue lightning

surrounded his entire body.

Rocks lifted off of the ground. Mالدitus began to glow a bright orange, and became

surrounded by red lightning. The metal walls behind them began to glow a red from the heat

leaving their bodies.

Simultaneously they both yelled and exploded with energy. Everything turned white.

Wind blew from where they stood as if from a hurricane. After this ended, the smoke cleared.

Hanka and Mالدitus still looked the same.

"Ok, now let's rock!" Hanka flew at Mالدitus. He disappeared and slammed both of

his fists into the back of Hanka's neck. Recovering from the blow, Hanka turned around and

shot a small ki blast from his hand.

Mالدitus easily swiped it away. "How did a Saiyan get so strong?" wondered the

lumberous Namekian. Hanka came at him again, and Mالدitus let the

punch hit his stomach.

Malditus' stomach began to stretch back. Hanka gave Malditus a confused look, and Malditus

grinned.

Malditus then grabbed Hanka's head, and whacked it a few times. Hanka managed to

pull his fist out and grab his head. After he shook his head, he was ready to battle again.

A small drop of blood fell onto the ground from his head.

Hanka flew straight up into the air. Malditus followed. As Malditus approached from

beneath, Hanka suddenly changed directions and flung a huge ki beam at Malditus. Unable to

dodge it, Malditus tried to block it. It started to push him towards the ground.

He managed to roll out of the way, and the beam hit the ground. It left a huge

crater in the ground. Coughing, Malditus managed to stand up. A good amount of the beam's

energy was still taken by him.

Hanka wasted no time. He flew straight down onto Malditus. His knee hit Malditus'

head, causing the Namek to spit up a generous portion of blood. Malditus swung his fist back

where Hanka was, but Hanka had long since disappeared.

Hanka reappeared in front of Malditus and punched him in the jaw. Malditus' head

swung back. Hanka then kicked at his head. Malditus grabbed his foot and pushed it back

until Hanka fell on his back.

Malditus then flung a large number of little red beams of energy at Hanka. After he

was finished, Hanka was covered in burn marks. Hanka managed to stand back up. "Amazing."

thought Malditus. The Saiyan was a lot more powerful than he realized.

Malditus flew into the air. Hanka followed, but was careful to avoid any traps

Malditus may have set up. Malditus suddenly stopped. Hanka was now facing him, one hundred

feet in the air.

Hanka attacked with a flurry of punches. Malditus dodged them all but the last one,

which connected with his leg. Hanka quickly kicked Malditus in the eye. Malditus barely

blocked the kick.

Hanka then fired a large red beam point blank at Malditus' head. Malditus couldn't

dodge it, and almost fell to the ground from the hit. Now he too was covered in small burn

marks.

Hanka tried to hit Malditus with his elbow. Malditus disappeared and slammed his now

tired leg into Hanka's side. Hanka groaned, but the force behind the kick was not enough to

do any serious damage.

Both warriors had quickly exhausted each other. Neither could do any lasting damage

to the other any longer. The battle seemed to have met a stale mate. Even when hits managed

to connect, there was no serious injury.

Monica realized this, and attempted to get Hanka going again. "Hanka! Remember what

you are fighting for! You can't let him win! You can't!" Hanka heard, and became angry. He

remembered when he had been taken from his mother.

"Gaaah! You bastard! You tried to destroy my life!" Hanka began to glow red again.

He flew towards Malditus and smashed his face with a heavy punch. Malditus flew back with a

newly broken nose.

"You whore!" He once again punched the Namek in the stomach. Instead of just letting

his hand get absorbed by his stomach again, though, he grabbed some flesh inside Malditus

and used it to fling a kick to the side of his head.

Hanka let go, exhausted, after several hits to the head. The Namek had taken some

damage, but the stale mate once again resumed, and the battle appeared to have met it's end.

Neither warrior was capable of serious battle.

Hanka and Malditus landed on the ground. Malditus' scouter beeped. "What is it?!" he

yelled. "Sir, the experiment is ready!" "Send it out immediately!" "Yes sir!" Malditus

grinned.

A door opened in the building behind them, and an eight foot tall beast entered the

area. "He obeys voice commands from you sir. Use him well!" Malditus was smiling more than

he ever had. "I will. Bye."

Hanka stared in awe. The beast looked strangely human and Namekian at the same time.

It's skin was green and scaly, but lacked the pink underscaling that Malditus had. It's

chest was huge and furry. It's eyes were yellow, like dark lightning. His blockish green

head was covered in black hair.

"Approach me!" Malditus yelled at it. The thing approached him. "Good! See this

Hanka? This thing is your end!" Malditus grinned as he was about to become the most powerful

being on the planet.

"I'm sure Kami told you the story of us on Namek, Hanka! Well, this creature is

unbelievably powerful, and half-Namekian. So..." Malditus ordered the thing to turn around.

It's back now faced Malditus.

Malditus grabbed it's back and began to yell. A green aura seemed to flow from the

things back and into Malditus. The being gave a hideous roar. Slowly the creature began to

turn brown. Malditus' wounds began to heal.

Malditus' muscles began to bulge as the being finally collapsed on the ground, dead.

"Wow, that was a lot harder to do to a half-Namek." Suddenly Malditus' scouter beeped. "What

did you do to it sir?!" "I assimilated it. It's a little ability I have that works only on

Namekians. It's power is now my own."

"Ok sir. Bye." Malditus was insanelly happy. "The time for darkness has come! Nobody

can destroy me or the Eternal Order! For centuries man reveled in his selfish greed,

ruining itself. Wasteful and extravagant, humanity needed a new beginning."

"I have granted humanity that beginning. And now your end will signify the start of

a new era. Mankind will leave in peaceful harmony forever! Those who dissent, will be

eliminated so to maintain peace."

"Rights were a concept dreamed by selfish men who sought only their own happiness.

These men never did anything to serve their brothers. Men do not have rights. They live for

each other. Man is to live for his fellow men."

"It is unfortunate that you cannot understand this Hanka. You two are the last

crusaders of an old, greedy way of life. However, your time has come to an end. Prepare to

meet your doom. For good always triumphs over evil!"

At this, Malditus suddenly fired a huge blue beam at Monica. Swirling white bolts of

electricity surrounded the beam. Monica stared in fear as the beam made it's final approach.

Hanka was not able to catch up with the beam.

**\*\*Chapter 13\*\***

The gigantic beam whooshed past Hanka just before he could stop it. A look of

nothing less than pure terror filled his eyes as the beam made it's final approach towards

Monica.

The giant white bolts of electricity surrounding the beam began to glow a dark red.

Monica stared in complete fear. The beam was just a few feet away now. She knew it was over.

Just before the beam hit she yelled.

"Hanka! I..I love you!" The beam hit it's target and exploded. White wind blew Hanka

back. He hoped to death that Monica wasn't dead. The white explosion quickly cleared. Only

a charred corpse remained of Monica.

Hanka ran to it. Suddenly everything was moving in slow motion. He lifted the dark

blackened body. "Monica, speak! SAY SOMETHING!" He shook the body, but the body didn't

respond.

Hanka dropped the body and moved away from it. It seemed as if reality was a million

years away from him, and he didn't even exist as part of it. Then he heard Malditus laugh.

Pain ripped through him with every taunting cackle.

The reality of the situation returned to his mind. Suddenly he felt rage like that

he had never experienced in his life. This man, this man has destroyed the very thing he

held dearest, and he dared laugh at it!

He felt something strange inside of him. Suddenly everything turned black. He began

to visualize his past. He remembered being taken from his mother. He remembered what they

did to Monica's mother.

Suddenly the image changed. He remembered living in the Eternal Order. He remembered

the psychological assault he endured on a daily basis to ensure his compliance. He suddenly

remembered his escape, when he decided he was going to think.

And then he remembered being a giant ape. He never remembered this before. He



remembered tearing and destroying indiscriminantly. He remembered when Monica found him.

How they fell in love...

He remembered the hefty training. The sudden increase in his power so he could

destroy this wretched place and return the Earth and himself to peace. Then Monica's death

played back. It all happened in slow motion.

He winced as he remembered her last dying cry. "Hanka! I..I love you!" Suddenly a

white flame that seemed to have lit in his belly began to grow. This raw pure energy felt

like it was taking over his mind. He became afraid of it.

Suddenly he was looking at reality again. He saw Malditus, still laughing about what

had just happened. The flame inside him began to express itself and his body became

surrounded by small bolts of electricity.

This caught Malditus' attention. Malditus was now nearly nine feet tall. His muscles

bulged now that an unheard of amount of power ran through his body. The clouds overhead

began to darken.

Winds started to pick up. Lightning began to strike near Hanka. Suddenly the fright

turned into hatred. "You! You don't want peace! You never wanted peace! You want death! It's

all you ever wanted! It's what you call 'good'!"

"You won't fucking win! YOU'LL NEVER WIN! I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN!" Suddenly Hanka's

head flew back and his hair flashed gold for an instant. "I don't care how powerful you are!

I don't care how many men you have! I don't care what you have to say!"

The lightning began to strike a lot more frequently. "I don't care! I will DESTROY

YOU!" Suddenly a huge lightning bolt struck Hanka. "YEEEEAAAAAAH!" He let out a primal yell

that scared even Malditus.

Everything suddenly turned gold. Hanka and Malditus were both blinded by the golden

light. Then it faded away. Hanka stood where he had been, only now his hair flared a

brilliant gold. His eyes had become a deep sea green.

A loud aura of gold flung around his body as if to show off it's power. Hanka didn't

understand what had happened to him. He saw everything with a sudden clarity. He was no

longer afraid.

He felt nothing but sheer determination. Determination to destroy Malditus. He now

turned his head to face Malditus. Malditus was paralyzed with fear. He looked just like the

golden haired warrior in his dream.

"No. It..it can't be! Those were only legends! They can't be real! It was only a

dream!" Malditus suddenly began to step back in fear. He shook his head. "You weakling! I

am more powerful than anybody!"

Malditus suddenly began to regain confidence. "You can't possibly win now that I

have such incredible power!" Hanka just stared blankly at him. Suddenly Hanka flew forward

and grabbed Malditus by the neck.

Malditus kicked and punched the warrior, but nothing seemed to even phase him. "You

killed the one I loved. Now I will kill you." He slammed Malditus into the ground. On his

way down Malditus tried to grab Hanka, but only got his shirt and ripped it off on his way

down.

"Get up weakling. I'm not through with you." Hanka grabbed his arm and flung him

into the air. Hanka flew up into the air and slammed his head into Malditus' stomach. He

then grabbed Malditus by the sides and flung him into the ground again.

Malditus stood up. He was still mastering his new found strength. He began to glow

green. His muscles became incredibly large as he began to increase in power. "Hahahaha. You

think you're really going to win!"

Hanka landed in front of him. Malditus flung his arms out and yelled. The green aura

surrounding him grew larger. After a few seconds it disappeared. Hanka flew forward to grab

Malditus again, but Malditus disappeared and kicked Hanka in the back.

Hanka flew forward a bit but quickly regained control of his body. Malditus tried

to reappear behind him, but Hanka slammed his fist back, connecting it with Malditus' face.

A small spurt of purple blood landed on Hanka's shoulder.

Malditus flew into the air and Hanka followed. They both began to attack each other

with a flurry of punches and kicks. Orange orbs of energy flew from them. The orbs seemed

to occur in random places because Hanka and Malditus moved so fast.

On occasion a splatter of red or purple blood will fall to the ground. Sometimes they

would get so close to the ground that the orb of energy they would emit would leave small

curves in the ground.

Slowly the battle started to move away from the base. Eventually the base was but

a distant reminder that civilization was nearby. Both Hanka and Malditus landed on the

ground below.

"You're a lot tougher than I expected." stated Hanka plainly. "I don't have time to

dilly dally!" Malditus yelled as he flew in the air. He shot a huge beam at Hanka. Hanka

quickly flew out of the way.

The beam flowed into the ground. Suddenly the ground began to shake violently. Hanka

and Malditus both flew in the air. Suddenly the earth beneath them ripped free from the

surface and created what looked like a small mountain.

Then the top exploded and lava flew from the newly opened orifice. Malditus was

suddenly very afraid. This was exactly like in his premonition. As he spaced out for a

second, Hanka smashed him with his fists.

Malditus fell. Stopping just a few feet from the lava, he flew back into the air.

"Why so scared of a measly volcano?" asked Hanka sarcastically. Malditus growled and flew at

Hanka.

So the battle continued over the volcano. Sensing Malditus' fear of the volcano,

Hanka refused to let him leave. What will happen? You'll just have to wait and see.

**\*\*Chapter 14\*\***

As the two battled, Malditus had a realization. He was not going to win this battle.

Slowly he was losing energy, whereas Hanka seemed barely able to control the awesome power

that remained within him.

"Should I just surrender now and hope to live?" wondered Malditus as he blocked yet

another of Hanka's attacks. Even blocking was starting to hurt. "At this rate I will surely

die. What point is there in battling for a sure death when I have a chance at survival?"

Hanka came at him to attack again, but this time Malditus held his hands up as a

surrender. Hanka stopped and stared at him. His eyes were cold and calculating, examining

Malditus to make sense of the situation.

Then Malditus spoke. "If I surrender, will you let me live?" Hanka could not believe

what he had just heard. This man, if you could call something so dark a man, had murdered

his one true love. And now he asked for mercy.

"Some would show mercy." said Hanka coldly. "I will not. You will die." Something

inside of Malditus snapped. He started to lose his grip on sanity. "You won't kill me! No

one will kill me! I am all! I am everything! I am the eternal will! Hahahahaha!"

- - - - -

Gershim stared at the sun set as he worked. His job today was hauling food onto

trucks to be taken back to the base. Something was happening. Men were running all about the

base in a sudden flurry of activity.

Gershim grinned. He wondered if Hanka was involved. Perhaps he would be free soon.

But what of everyone else? Everybody is so accustomed to their collective environs that

they wouldn't know how to operate in a normal environment.

Whatever happens, it can only be better than this. He tried to hide his grin from

the other workers and his overseer. While he was working he overheard two overseers talking

about something. He pretended not to hear and listened.

"I hear rumors that some incredibly powerful warrior is battling Malditus!" "Pure

nonsense! Nobody would battle our great leader." "What about rebels?" "Thos are just rumors

as well. The leader always has everything under control."

Gershim almost laughed. He managed to disguise it as a cough. He'd almost forgotten

how incredibly stupid people are here. Their blind faith in their leader is sickening. As

he loaded the last bag of food onto the truck he walked to his overseer and informed him.

"Ok. Drive that truck back to the base. You know where to park it. Then go to bed."

Gershim nodded, and hopped into the truck. The blue truck looked strangely utilitarian, with

absolutely no aesthetic design to it.

The truck disappeared on the gravel road, its driver unaware that his future was

about to completely change.

- - - - -

The battle raged on. Though he sometimes got a lucky hit in here and there, Malditus

was most certainly losing. His battered body was covered in purple blotches of his own

blood. It was surprising that he could even fly.

Hanka grabbed Malditus by the neck. Malditus hung limp, with only the rhythmic

pulsing of his chest showing that he was still alive. "I'm tired of battling someone so weak

and foolish. Your time of death is now!"

Hanka removed his left hand from Malditus' neck and placed it on the side of his

head. With one hard push and a sickening crack, Malditus was dead. Hanka flung the corpse

towards the volcano.

The body gave way to flowing lava, and Malditus was never seen again. Hanka landed

on the ground. He wondered how Kami would help the world get back to the way it was, with

freedom.

- - - - -

Kami clutched his cane. As he started to fade away, he grinned. He reached in his

pocket and dropped a golden key on a red chain before fading away into darkness completely.

He was glad he never told Hanka what would happen if Malditus died.

Not even Benditus knew the contents of the room that the key opened. He was told by

his predecessor that the room should only be opened in the most dire

emergency. Only the

imminent destruction of the Earth was a valid reason for entering.

But now Hanka would surely return here. And he'll find the key. And he will see what

the contents of this room are. Now truly alone, Hanka would need anything that could help

him restore order.

- - - - -

Monica opened her eyes. She was in a cabin in the middle of a strange forest. The

forest had an odd translucent look, as if it was a hologram. The ground seemed to be sure,

though, as Monica tested it with her foot.

She walked outside and into the woods. A strange man stood there. He wore green

armor and wielded a dark yellow blade. His eyes were a dark yellow as well. He also had the

translucent look to him.

Monica examined herself, realizing that only she wasn't hazy and surreal. Her body

still looked as it always had. She felt her hair, and noticed something above her head.

"It's a halo." said a dark voice.

Monica looked at the man in strange armor. "You are dead." he stated. Monica asked

"Where am I?" "You are in purgatory. Your heart is pure and you deserve no less." "I thought

good people went to Heaven."

The man grinned. "Your true happiness can only be found in the land of the living.

That is your Heaven. Only in purgatory is it possible for you to reenter the world of the

alive."

"Reenter? How?" The man turned his head and stared at Monica. He looked her up and

down, as if to appraise her and sell her in a market. "It may be possible. In purgatory we

have these things called Dragon Balls."

Monica gasped. She remembered legends about the magical Dragon Balls on Earth. "Yes,

they are the same. I can read your thoughts too." Monica felt a tad violated, but she was

interested in the Dragon Balls.

"There are seven Dragon Balls. Six are hidden in various places in purgatory. The

seventh is guarded by me. Once you have all six, you must defeat me for the seventh. Then

you can make any wish you want."

Monica stared out and saw what seemed to be an endless forest. "How can I possibly

find six needles in a haystack?" "The Dragon Balls are powerful. You must learn to feel

their energies."

Monica sat down and started to think. She jumped when she remembered that he could

read her thoughts. "Are you just going to stand there until I get all six Dragon Balls?"

He laughed. "It is my duty."

Monica walked inside the cabin and layed on the bed. Even though she knew he could

still read her mind, the lack of his physical body made it easier to pretend he wasn't. She

started to absorb this new information.

- - - - -

Hanka had waited an hour. Kami had still not shown up. Worried, he flew up to Kami's

Lookout. When he landed he saw the Kami's clothes and a key. "Kami?" shouted Hanka. He

looked around and could not find the man anywhere.

Suddenly realizing the battle was over, he took a deep breath. His hair returned to

its original brown color. He noticed a small piece of paper on a desk. When he examined it,

it had "Hanka" written on it in big letters.



He picked the paper up and began to read:

Hanka. This is Kami Benditus. If you are reading this then I am most likely dead.

I did not want to tell you this until after you defeated Malditus. Malditus and I,

though we exist in separate bodies, are still one in spirit. His death means my own.

The key on the ground opens up a room that is only to be opened in emergencies. My

predecessor stated that only if the Earth is going to be destroyed should that room

be opened. Nevertheless, I want you to enter that room. You will need all the help

you can get in order to restore peace back on Earth. The world is in your hands now.

You'll need to find a new Kami. Someone pure of heart and someone who will listen to

you. All they need to do is wear the God Robes that I once wore and they will have

everything they need. Now go Hanka. Earth needs you.

Signed Benditus.

Hanka gasped. He fell to his knees and almost passed out. He had one hell of a task

ahead of him. How could he restore Earth? Who would be the next Kami? Why him? Hanka took

a deep breath and stood back up.

First he would have to return to the base and somehow restore order. How could he

debrainwash people? He'd soon enough find out. At least now the world has a future. The

world has a chance.

## 2. Chapter 2

An Untold Future By Omniverse [Shawn Huckabay]  
(omniverse@smtinspection.com) A story loosely based on Dragon Ball Z. All references to Dragon Ball, Dragon Ball Z, and related characters are (C) Toei Animation. This story is (C) 2000 Shawn Huckabay. All Rights Reserved. You may distribute this story freely, but do give me full credit as author, and do not sell it for profit without receiving my approval first.

## Before You Start Reading

This story takes place around the year 2000 in the Dragon Ball time line (for those of you unfamiliar with the time line, Dragon Ball and DBZ took place during the 700s).

### Chapter 15

Monica lifted herself from the strange bed. When she walked outside, the strange ghost knight was still there. Ignoring him, she tried to sense the Dragon Balls. If they did emit energies like the man said she should be able to detect them with some practice. For some reason she had the urge to go back in the cabin. She walked into the cabin, and then it hit her. She ran to the bed, and looked underneath. Glistening in the still and quiet darkness was the four star Dragon Ball. She looked at it. The thing was only about six inches in diameter. Four red stars seemed to float around inside the glassy orange orb. She grabbed it and brought it up to her face. It looked breakable yet seemed nearly indestructible. She decided to use it to try and figure out how to sense its energies. She walked outside of the cabin and sat down in the translucent grass. The knight watched her feel and hold the ball. "You are trying to feel it like a psychic or a witch. This is nothing mystical. You must try to feel it as you would see it and hear it. The sixth sense is merely another way of detecting your surroundings." bellowed the knight. Monica looked at the ball. She could hear nothing from it. Then in a split second it hit her. She could sort of tell where the ball was without even looking. She threw it into the cabin, and tried to guess where it was. "Next to the bed and the front wall." She walked inside and there it was. She jumped up and down with joy! She was well on her way to becoming a living breathing person again. She realized something as she walked into the cabin. She could also feel the knight. She could even feel his power. He was no Hanka, certainly not, but Monica needed to train some more before she could defeat him. She placed the four star ball on the bed, and flew out of the cabin and into the ghostly woods. The woods seemed to never end, and the surroundings looked the same no matter where you went. "It's a good thing I can sense that knight. Otherwise I'd be completely lost!" She giggled at the thought. Suddenly she started to feel another Dragon Ball. She landed and looked around. There was a tree stump. It was the only thing different she could see in miles of forest. She walked over to it and peered inside. The dark brown trunk's rings seemed to twist in patterns that created what looked like distorted faces. Monica shuddered. She stuck her hand inside the trunk, and felt a familiar warm glassy surface. Grabbing it, she pulled out with a dirty six star Dragon Ball. She dusted it off. The dirt simply fell off the ball. She flew up in the air and took off for the cabin. After a good ten minutes, she was back. She ran into the cabin and dropped the ball on the bed and took off back into the woods to find the next ball.

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It was lunch time at the Eternal Order. Cryan and Gershim sat where they usually sat with an empty seat in front of them. Suddenly the roof exploded. Bits and pieces of it fell, but most of it was disintegrated. Hanka floated down into the building, but remained hovering about five feet from the ground. "You are all free. I have destroyed your master. You are now free to live as you please and for

your own happiness." One of the guards yelled, and every guard in the cafetetia began to fire machine guns at Hanka. Hanka laughed. The bullets disappeared before they even reached him. Hanka flew down to one of the guards and quickly broke his neck. "I suggest the rest of you run. Otherwise you will die as well." The guards were loyal to Malditus and refused to stop attacking. Hanka flung a yellow beam at them. The explosion was small but concentrated. After the smoke cleared nothing remained but charred cadavers. Gershim stared in amazement. Hanka looked older than when he ran away no less than a month ago. He also looked a lot more built. "Now, nobody in this facility can possibly destroy me. You are free." Hanka opened the door, and held it open. Nobody moved. "What are you waiting for? You're free. Go." They stared at him. Gershim stood up. "They are brainwashed. They don't know what freedom is. They think they were free. Now they don't know what to think." Hanka grinned. He floated over to where Gershim was standing. "And how do you suggest we debrainwash them then?" "We don't. They'll revert back to normal on their own now that nobody is forcing them to comply." Hanka landed on the floor. "Can you fly?" "Fly?! I didn't even know people could fly until I saw you do it just now!" Hanka grabbed Gershim by his shirt and flew off through the ceiling. A few of the students left the building after Hanka left. Gershim was freaking out. "Gah! What are you doing?! Let go of me!" Hanka flew all the way to Kami's Lookout, and let go of Gershim once he landed. "What am I doing here?" "Put on those robes." Gershim did as Hanka ordered. He knew already what happened to people who went against Hanka. After putting on the white robes, Gershim began to glow a white color. He glew for about ten minutes, not moving an inch. Then it stopped. Gershim looked up at Hanka. "I understand. I am a deity now." Hanka grinned. Benditus really did prepare for his own demise. "What is this key for?" Hanka immediately snatched the key from Gershim. "It opens a door of which nobody knows what is behind. It's only supposed to be opened in case of a serious emergency. I consider the current state of the Earth an emergency." Hanka walked towards a small metal room with a lock. Earlier he had tried to break the room open with energy. But the room was apparently unbreakable. When Hanka placed the key in the lock, the door glowed before opening. Hanka stepped into the room. Looking around, he saw many paintings. One was of a man who had long golden hair and electricity surrounding his body. The man lacked eyebrows and looked similar to how Hanka looked as a Super Saiyan. There was another of a man that looked similar to Malditus. He wasn't as bulky though. And he wore purple clothing and a turban. Next to him was a young man, no older than sixteen. He was wearing a green costume and holding a white helmet in his hands. But in the middle of the room was the most amazing thing. It looked like a giant metal ball. The metal felt incredibly smooth. There was an almost ovular crack in the front. Hanka tried to push it, but nothing happened. Kami Gershim stood behind him and looked as well. Gershim noticed a button on the right side. "Hanka, what if you push that?" Hanka walked to it and pressed the button. The door opened and inside was a control room. Gershim and Hanka walked inside. The floor was a tiled orange. In the middle was a machine of sorts. It's meter read "1G". When Hanka walked past this machine, a hologram appeared in front of him. It was a small child. He looked like Malditus if he was a child. He was wearing a white robe. "You have opened the secret. I certainly hope you have good reason to have done this. You are inside a space ship." "In times that Earth is in dire emergency, you may use this space ship. It will fly until it finds a planet inhabited by intelligent beings who may be able to help. Only one person can fly this ship." "It is fated that this man alone will fly this ship. I cannot say why

without changing the past and future. This man must only place his hand on the control panel and the ship will operate." "Kami, if you are inside, leave now." Gershim nodded and left the ship. "Gershim. I hope you can take care of the Earth while I am away." "I'll try my best." Hanka grinned. Gershim left the ship. As if knowing he left, the ship's door closed. "Now that we are alone, Hanka, I can stop feigning ignorance. Yes, this is still a hologram and I am not actually here. However, after being Kami for a long time, one learns to predict the future with extreme accuracy." "However, I do not know where this ship goes. I only know that it must go. The machine over there controls the gravity. It can go up to 500x Earth's gravity. You should train while you travel." "Good bye Hanka." The hologram disappeared. Hanka pressed his hand on the control panel. The top of the room opened up and the ship took off. Hanka pressed his face on the window, amazed that he was now in space. "Wow. I wonder where I'll end up?" Hanka walked over to the gravity machine. "I guess I enter the amount of gravity and hit the red button. A Super Saiyan like me should be able to handle 500x!" He pressed 500 on the machine and hit the red button. Quickly he fell to the floor. "Whoah! I need to figure out how to transform on my own." Hanka concentrated. His hair glowed yellow briefly. "Urrg! This is too much!" Veins bulged in Hanka's forehead. He yelled, and his hair once again turned gold. He was able to stand up easily after he transformed. "Well a lot of good the gravity does. It's still no challenge when I'm transformed." "Oh well. Might as well leave it at 500x. It's better than 1x." Hanka began to practice his kicks. "I need to learn better form anyways. I rely too much on raw power."

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### 3. Chapter 3

An Untold Future By Omniverse [Shawn Huckabay]  
([omniverse@smtinspection.com](mailto:omniverse@smtinspection.com)) A story loosely based on Dragon Ball Z. All references to Dragon Ball, Dragon Ball Z, and related characters are (C) Toei Animation. This story is (C) 2000 Shawn Huckabay. All Rights Reserved. You may distribute this story freely, but do give me full credit as author, and do not sell it for profit without receiving my approval first.

#### Before You Start Reading

This story takes place around the year 2000 in the Dragon Ball time line (for those of you unfamiliar with the time line, Dragon Ball and DBZ took place during the 700s).

#### Chapter 16

Gershim was still becoming accustomed to his new role as guardian of the Earth. When he bore the robes his mind was flooded with new knowledge. Knowledge of all the past Kamis, of Earth's history. Hanka was the first Super Saiyan to arise in 1300 years. Gershim wondered where he would end up and if the creatures there could really help them. Society was in shambles. Only Malditus and his android, Jikum, were of any significant power. Those few who were not brainwashed had easily overthrown their local governments upon hearing of Malditus'

demise. However, many of these people have resorted to crime. The lack of a government has created a lack of order. Gershim tried his best to maintain order. He had managed to restore order to a few particularly bad places, but there were way too many chaotic places for one man alone to help. He sighed. He was the first human to be Kami in a long time. This was apparent in the lack of food in the Lookout. He had to get food on his own and fly it up there. Flying was something he had learned how to do once he became Kami.

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Monica could not surpress her grin as she brought the five star Dragon Ball into the cabin. SHe now had the six that were unguarded by that knight. They all had a different number of stars. None of them had only one star though. She could still feel the knight. His power was still greater than hers. She must train before she can defeat him. She walked outside of the cabin. The knight stood still, and did not react at all to her presence. She began to punch and kick. "I know a better way to train." the knight stated calmly. "You do? How?" The man pointed at nothing, and then dark red energy began to swirl. A translucent door formed. "Enter that room. The gravity inside is intense. It's about 200x the gravity out here." Monica grinned. She guessed that would be about 150x Earth gravity. This place seemed a little light to her. "I will be able to leave right?" "Anytime you wish." The knight grinned. She opened the door. The energy forming the door was swirling all over it. She entered the room. It was completely black save for the light coming from the ceiling. The light had no apparent source. Suddenly the door shut and disappeared except for a small red knob. "Grab the knob and the door will reappear." Monica tested it. The door did reappear. It disappeared again the moment she let go of the knob. Monica was having trouble standing upright. The gravity was certainly intense. After walking to the middle of the room she fell down onto her knees and started to gasp for breath. After about five mintues she managed to stand back up. This would definitely improve her skills as a warrior.

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The sound of a simulated voice echoed from the computer. "Approaching planet. Scanning for intelligent life... Intelligent life found. Prepare for landing in one hour." Hanka approached the computer with interest. He did not know it could talk. "Say something." "Something." The computer echoed back. Hanka grinned. "Can I have some information on the planet we are going to land on?" "Sure." Both Hanka and the computer were silent for a good ten seconds. "Well, aren't you going to tell me?" "You did not ask for me to tell you. You asked if I could tell you." "Ok, tell me about the planet we are going to land on." "Certainly." The sound of fans and spinning hard drives could be heard. "Planet Ralcorn. Home of the Ralcornians, a powerful and intelligent race of creatures known for their ability to transform to use their full power in battle. The air is breathable. Wild-life is prolific." "Approximate planet age... 5 billion years. Approximate technological level of species... Level 8. Approaching discovery of nuclear fusion reactor." Hanka was ignoring the computer at this point. As he was training, Hanka had a thought. "Tell me everything you know about Super Saiyans." The computer whirred for a few seconds before replying. "Super Saiyan. A state of incredible power achieved only by a few of the Saiyan race. The hair turns gold and spiky, and the eyes turn a sea green." "That is all you know?"

"Yes." "Who was the most powerful Super Saiyan ever?" The computer once again whirred. "Goku of Earth. Born 737 A.D. Died 803 A.D. of natural causes." "Is that all you know?" "Yes." "Gah! Don't you know anything?!" "Yes." Hanka was about to smash the computer with his fist when a planet suddenly came into view outside of the window. Hanka stared at it like a child at his first toy. The planet much resembled Earth. Swirls of blue and green and brown covered in various places by clouds. There were three moons, at least one of which was colonized. On that moon giant plastic bubble domes covered the surface. "How long until we land?" "30 minutes." Hanka sat down on the floor and sighed. To think a year ago his life was completely different. "Hey what year is it now?" Hanka suddenly asked. He didn't even know. "2000 A.D." The computer replied. Hanka layed on the floor and closed his eyes. He very quickly fell asleep. He was exhausted. If only he didn't have to wake up in half an hour. - - - - -  
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In a remote location in the forests of Ralcorn, a large space pod landed. Fearful of the alien that has just landed on their planet, the Ralcornians have surrounded the ship with their military and await the alien's exit. "So what do you think it looks like?" "I bet it has five eyes and three legs!" "I bet it's green with yellow stripes!" "I bet it has technology we've never even dreamed of!" "Shut up you three!" The commander paced back and forth in front of his squad. "None of you are to do a damn thing unless I tell you to. Got that?" "Yes sir!" The commander sighed. The commander was almost seven feet tall. He had large purple extensions from his shoulders that resembled armor. His skin varied from white to violet, usually seperated out by tubes on his face and body. The commander had a rare ability. He could transform and gain a huge amount of power by doing so. Only a hundred or so Ralcornians could do this. Rula, the planet's Martial Arts Grand Champion, had five different forms. Hanka woke up in his ship. "How long have I been asleep?" "8 hours." "How long have we been landed?" "7 hours and 30 minutes." Hanka stood up. It was time to find out if the creatures on this planet could help him. He walked to the exit of the ship. "Could you please open the door?" "Yes." Hanka suddenly remembered what happened last time. "Open the door." "Certainly." The door opened. A whoosh of air flew over Hanka as the pressure stabilized. He stepped out and hopped, landing on the blue grass-like creatures that covered the planet's dark red soil. He was surprised to see a huge army waiting for him. One was holding a ki blast and just waiting to fire it. "I mean you no harm." Hanka yelled. The commanders discussed this amd then the most powerful commander stepped forward. He was now only five feet from Hanka. "How is it you speak our tongue?" "I'd like to ask the same thing." "Why are you here?" "My planet, Earth, is in great trouble. I travelled to find anyone I could to help me." The commander stared at the Earthling. "Why is it you think we can help?" "My people have lost all sense of reason. I recently freed them from the collectivist rule of a powerful warrior, but now total anarchy has swarmed over the planet. I need help restoring order." The commander grinned. "You seem honest and a great protector of your kind. Let me discuss this with the other commanders." The commander joined his comrades and they talked. They whispered so Hanka could not hear them. "Why should we help this alien?" "Think about it. His planet is in total chaos. We can take control! We would have an entire race of beings at our will!" "What a great idea! Certainly the High Master would approve!" The commander once again left his group and approached Hanka. "My name is Commander Nalu. These commanders are Commander Hala and Commander Funa. We will return to Earth with

you, along with our men, to help you." "Thank you so much! I don't see how we can repay you. We'll be in your debt." Hanka walked in the ship and motioned for the aliens to get aboard. First the three commanders got on, followed by their men. A total of 15 Ralcornians were aboard. "How long will this trip take?" "I have no idea what scale of time you use, so I cannot tell you. It's not too long though." Hanka grinned at the success of this mission. He would return and restore order.

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Like this fan fiction so far? Dislike? E-mail me at [omniverse@smtinspection.com](mailto:omniverse@smtinspection.com)!

#### 4. Chapter 4

An Untold Future By Omniverse [Shawn Huckabay]  
([omniverse@smtinspection.com](mailto:omniverse@smtinspection.com)) <http://omniverse.cjb.net> A story loosely based on Dragon Ball Z. All references to Dragon Ball, Dragon Ball Z, and related characters are (C) Toei Animation. This story is (C) 2000 Shawn Huckabay. All Rights Reserved. You may distribute this story freely, but do give me full credit as author, and do not sell it for profit without receiving my approval first.

#### Before You Start Reading

This story takes place around the year 2000 in the Dragon Ball time line (for those of you unfamiliar with the time line, Dragon Ball and DBZ took place during the 700s).

#### Chapter 17

The Knight was standing silently when the red swirls of energy began to form a door once again. Out stepped a warrior he almost did not recognize. She was clearly Monica, but she had increased in size. Where there was once no visible muscle tone now resided relatively thick muscle tissue. Even her neck and head looked stronger. Yet she still managed to look very feminine and attractive. The Knight grinned. "So are you ready to challenge me?" "Yes." Her voice was the same too, only it seemed a bit more serious. The Knight dropped his blade and removed his armor. He looked a lot smaller without his armor. He was wearing a strange uniform underneath. He wore tight blue spandex over his body. His torso was covered in a white armor that looked as if it was plastic. His face was small and triangular. His hair shot straight up. Monica jumped when she saw his brown tail wave in front of him. A Saiyan?! She knew she was in for a difficult battle. She stood in a fighting stance. "Who are you Saiyan?" she said with anger and fear. The man laughed. "I am royalty. I am Prince Vegeta, son of King Vegeta of the Saiyans. You will not win." Vegeta had a look in his eye that seemed to convey frustration and age. "We'll see!" yelled Monica. She screamed as a sudden burst of red energy surrounded her body. Swirls of lighter red flew around in the dark red aura. "Yaaaaaaaah!" she yelled as the energy continued to flow. The aura continued to grow in size. Rocks were flying around the area. She screamed and everything turned white except for a faint blue glow where Monica was. The light cleared away and Vegeta was very surprised at what he saw. Her muscles were absolutely enormous now. The element of femininity she had managed to maintain before was completely lost. She was now easily seven feet tall. A faint red glow

still surrounded her. She flew forward and smashed her fist into Vegeta's face. He flew straight back into the cabin, denting the wooden wall. Vegeta stood back up and wiped away a trickle of blood that was flowing from his mouth. "Impressive for a human!" He then yelled and flashed gold. His hair was now a bright yellow, and he was surrounded by an aura of golden energy. "I think you'll find me a much bigger challenge in this form." She tried the same move again, only to find there was no Vegeta for her fist to hit. She turned around just in time to see a large yellow ki blast hit her face. She flew into the ground. "Too much for you? You weak human! You can never defeat me!" Vegeta flew down and flung his fist into Monica's stomach before she could get back up. A spatter of Monica's blood flew onto Vegeta's translucent face. Monica quickly kicked Vegeta in the face. However, her foot stopped on Vegeta's nose without so much as pressing to forward. Vegeta cackled. "It's been so long I had forgotten just how powerful I am!" Vegeta grabbed her leg and flung her into the air. Monica swung her limbs uncontrollably as Vegeta bombarded her with small blue ki blasts. "I...can't...lose...you...Hanka..." she thought as she was being drained of all her energy. She fell on the ground again. She crawled onto her knees.

"I...won't...lose..." she stuttered as Vegeta stood over her. "How can you possibly win Human?" Suddenly an image of Hanka appeared in her head. Her heart fluttered at the thought. She loved him so much. Then the image shattered like glass. Vegeta stood behind it, laughing at the pieces of Hanka's image on the ground. "No....NO!" Suddenly Monica stood up completely. "Noooooooo!" Bluish-white energy started to fly around her. Suddenly she looked like a photographic negative of herself; her skin was a dark blue, and her hair was white. Her muscle mass dropped back to its previous level. However, this is not to say her power dropped. Monica looked at Vegeta with intense hatred. The energy continued to swirl around her. She flew at Vegeta. Vegeta disappeared only to reappear with Monica's foot in his face. He flew straight down into the ground. Screaming, Monica flung her foot into Vegeta's now limp body. Vegeta shot blood from his mouth. Monica then lifted Vegeta into the air. "I hate you!" she screamed as she tore his arm off. Blood was flowing onto the ground, falling off of Vegeta's dangling bone. Yet Vegeta did not yell. He just stared at Monica. "You're...insane...in...that...

form...Don't...use...it...if...you...value...your...sanity..." Vegeta's eyes closed as he left consciousness. Monica shoved her hand into Vegeta's stomach. Her forearm began to glow. Blood began to spurt from Vegeta's various orifices. After about five seconds he exploded. Pieces of the Saiyan Prince were scattered about the ground. Suddenly Monica clutched her chest and fell to the ground. The energy disappeared and she looked normal again. She desperately tried to catch her breath. Her body was shaking with anxiety and exhaustion. "What...what happened to me?!" she wondered. Among the scattered flesh and insides was a Dragon Ball. Suddenly Monica became excited. "I won! I can wish myself back!" She suddenly ran to the Dragon Ball and picked it up. She flew towards the cabin with it, ready to make her wish.

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"We're almost there!" yelled Hanka. The Ralcornians had been using the gravity on the ship to train themselves. Some of them increased in power dramatically, while others didn't improve too much. Some of them were angry that Hanka would not spar with them. Hanka had made a point of not transforming in front of them. The less they knew about his true power, the better. They were all very powerful, and he



didn't want to help them if they had something evil in mind. Slowly Earth came into view. Some of the Ralcornians noted how similar it looked to Ralcorn. The computer began to speak. "Landing in approximately one hour." "How long is an hour?" someone in the crowd asked. "You see that clock?" Hanka pointed at a digital clock. "Yes." "One hour is the time it takes for the number on the left to change." "Ohhhhh.." Various nods and mumblings ensued. Slowly the craft began to enter the Earth's atmosphere. Fire began to flow over the windows and the ship began to shake a little. After about 30 minutes of this the craft suddenly stopped moving. The fire over the window was gone.

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Monica stood in front of the seven Dragon Balls. She had brought them outside but they didn't do anything. "Umm, Dragon Balls, make me alive again!" The balls just sat there without moving. "Say 'Come forth Eternal Dragon Shenron and grant me my wish'" said Vegeta, who was suddenly back to being one piece and standing next to Monica. She jumped almost out of her skin. "How are you back?!" she uttered in terror. "I'm dead. Did you think you could kill a dead man?" Vegeta cackled at this. Monica's face suddenly became more serious. "Come forth Eternal Dragon Shenron and grant me my wish!" The sky turned a cloudy black. Suddenly the weather was windy and rainy. A huge translucent green dragon slithered out of the earth and high into the air. "Who has awakened me from my eternal rest?" "I have. I wish to have my life restored!" Suddenly swirls of red energy began to surround Monica. She began to fade until there was nothing left. "Your wish has been granted. Fare thee well." The dragon slithered back into the ground. "If Freeza didn't kill me I could've done that..." mumbled Vegeta as he started to put the armor back on.

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Monica woke up right where she died; standing in front of the base where Hanka and Malditus battled. Curious as to the outcome, she walked inside the structure. Everything was destroyed and vandalized. Paintings were broken and mutilated. Floor tiles were ripped about. The place was a total mess. She saw gangs of people walking around. One man walked up to her and said "Take your clothes off now or I kill you." She waved her hand and psychically flung him into a wall, half dead. "Anarchy...Malditus must've lost. Now the world is in total anarchy!" Monica started to cry. They had come so far only to become this? As she left the building, a strange man landed in front of her. "So you're back. Good." The man was wearing Kami's robes. "Who are you? Why are you wearing Kami's clothing?!" "I am the new Kami. Benditus perished when Malditus did. They are one person, though in two bodies, and when one dies the other does as well." Monica jerked her head. "I...feel something. It feels like Hanka. But how can I feel Hanka?!" Monica was suddenly afraid of her new found sense. "Relax. You've learned to sense things without seeing them. Commendable." Monica leaped into the air and started to fly where she felt Hanka. She felt a bunch of other strong people there too. She desperately wanted to see her love again.

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End  
file.